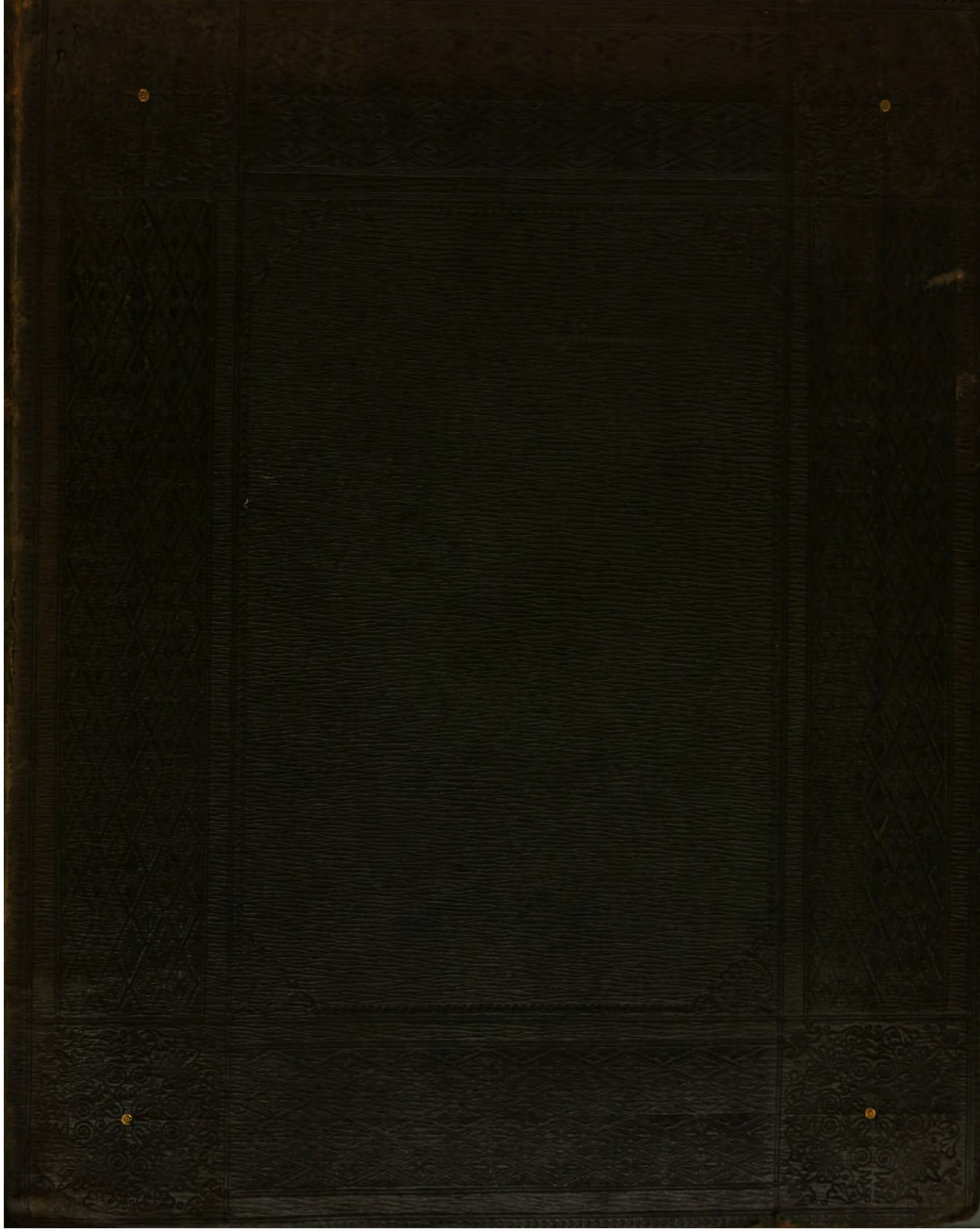




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P.O. gall. 86^v Le Grand

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS,

My de la Cote de Chateaux. —

ROMANCE,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

—

—

—

THE FRENCH OF M. LE GRAND;

WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

—

LONDON,

—

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW,

—

PRINTED BY J. H. COOKE, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

—

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS,

A

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IN FOUR CANTOS.

FREELY TRANSLATED

FROM

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WITH NOTES:

BY

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JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1807.

PARTE VOIX DE NOIS

IMMANCE

DE LA VOIX DE NOIS

THE VOICE OF M. L. GRAND

WITH VOICES

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

PREFACE.

THE romance of Partenopex, or rather an extract from it, made its first appearance in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, under the title of *Partenuple de Blois*, translated from a story in Spanish prose. M. Le Grand has, however, successfully established the French origin of this work.* His own translation is made from a MS. poem, in the library of *St Germain-des-Prés*; which he is at first inclined to consider as a production of the 12th century: he afterwards, reasoning from a piece of internal evidence, revokes his first opinion, and, with greater appearance of probability, ascribes it to the 13th.†

* *Quel que soit cet ouvrage, says he, je le reclame au nom de ma patrie. Il est à elle, il lui appartient; et c'est pour en convaincre mes lecteurs, que de préférence j'ai choisi de la traduire. Je citerai le titre original qui nous l'assure. Que ceux qui se l'arrogent, produisent dans leur langue un manuscrit plus ancien; et alors je me rétracte.*

† In an old romance, quoted by Warton, are the following lines (I quote from memory):

“ I will rede you romans none,
“ Ne of Partenope, ne of Ippomydon.”

Warton supposes these to be mutilations of the names Parthenopæus and Hippomedon. Why not of Partenopex and Ippomydon, both heroes of romance?

Of its French origin little doubt will probably be entertained by those conversant with the literature of the middle ages. It is scarcely necessary, after the able essays on these subjects, by Mr Ellis and others, to insist that all the ancient romances were written in verse. Nor is this the only ground on which M. Le Grand might vindicate the title of his country. The oldest verse which Spain can boast is that of the Troubadours, whose works consist exclusively of metaphysical disquisitions on love, and satires; and even this strain of poetry, amongst the *Spaniards*, dates long posterior to the period, which, arguing from the manners it reflects, and the sentiments which it breathes, must have given birth to *PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS*.

If the author of this history has not produced so rich a tissue of adventure as characterises some of the ancient romances, the web which he spins is, at least, less involved; and perhaps what is wanting in imagination is more than compensated in the interest excited by the story, in the unity of action, and the simplicity of its design.

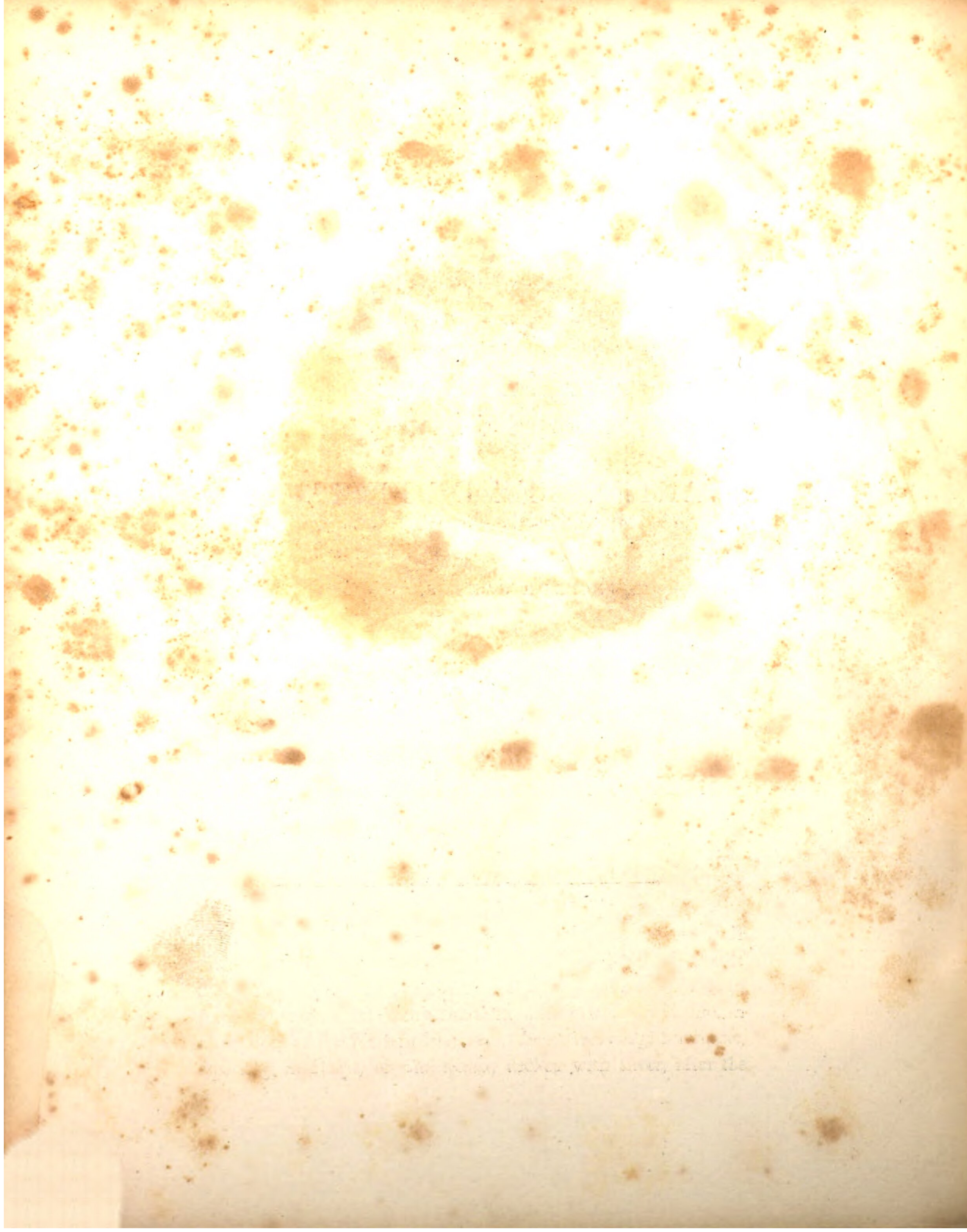
I have retained a peculiarity in the French, which I thought promised to give some little relief and animation

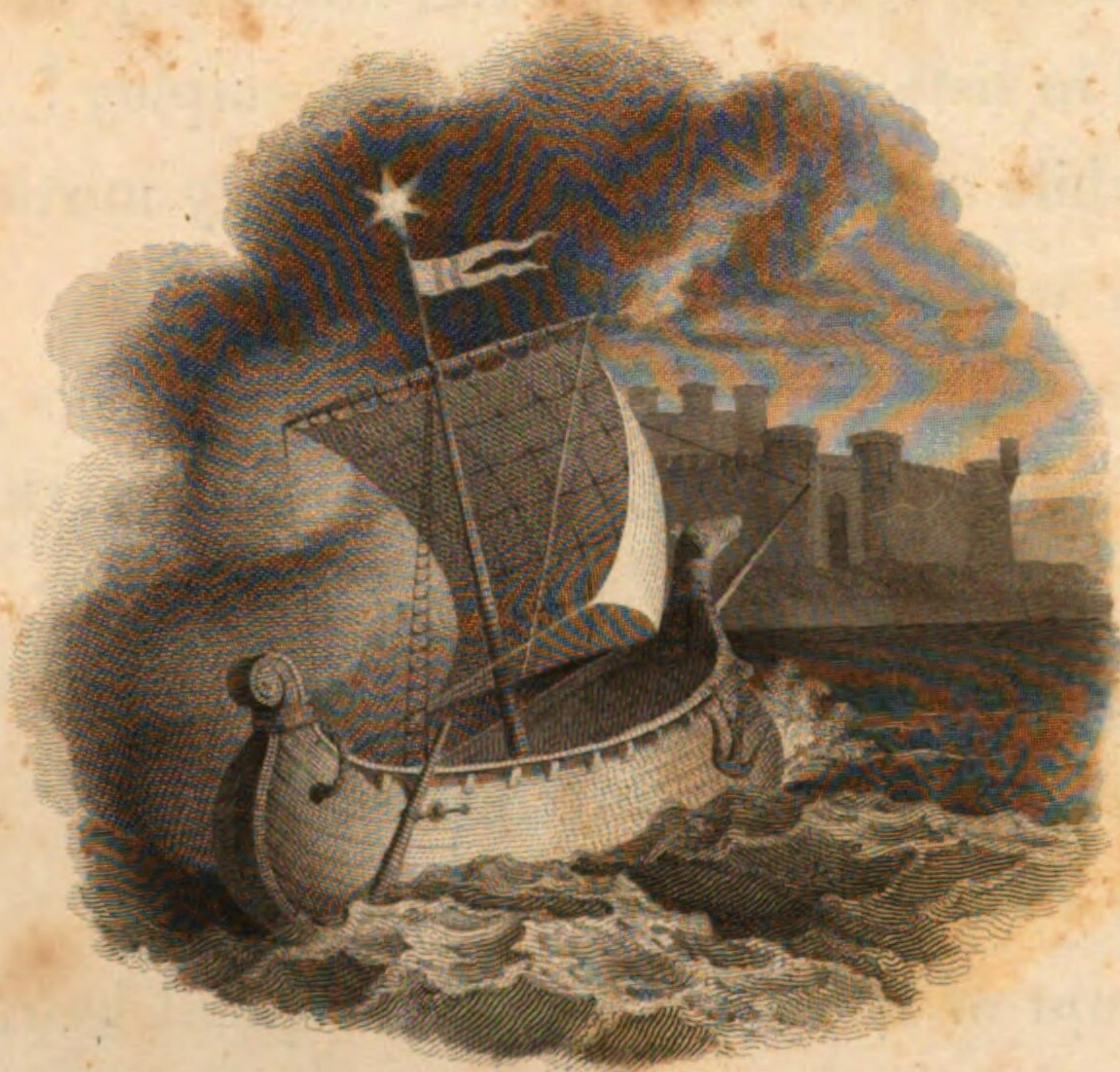
to the narrative. The *Trouveur* is himself crost in love, and whenever he touches a kindred chord, breaks forth into an effusion upon his own melancholy condition. As there is, however, a sameness in these, I have sought to diversify them with some variety of sentiment; generally returning to the supposed case of the poet, as a sort of key-note, which uniformly serves to close these rhapsodies in the original.

I have been enabled to illustrate the following cantos by engravings, from designs of Mr Richard Smirke. Of the execution of these I shall say nothing; but I may be justified in claiming for them one merit, which the world at large is perhaps not so well qualified to appreciate as the skill or abilities of the artist:—They exhibit a faithful picture of the scenery and habits of the 12th and 13th centuries, the result of much industry and patient observation.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

IN FOUR CANTOS.





J. B. Sully

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO FIRST.

Now lusty May drops sweets in every shower,
And broiders o'er the fields with grass and flower,
And woodlands wild with lark and throstle ring,
And ladies in their painted chambers sing.

Blest with a heart at ease, and tuned to joy,
Shall I in listless sloth mine hours employ ?
No ; while all nature wakes to spritely mirth,
A story will I tell of mickle worth.
List, damsels bright in bower ! list, lordings gay !
For pleasant is my tale, and wonderous sweet the lay.

In olden time, derived of Trojan strain,
Cleonier o'er the realm of France did reign.
Rich in a son, and nephew passing fair,
The count of Blois' and Anger's hopeful heir,
Scarce fifteen winters old ; this gentle child
PARTENOPEX, so runs the tale, was styled.
Nor famed alone for comeliness and grace,
But for a soul assorted with his face.

It chanced the king to Ardenne's wood did fare,
To rouse the bristly salvage from his laire :
Forced from the sheltering fern, the quarry bounds ;
With bugle and with shout the greenwood sounds ;

To face page 8.



J. Scott sculp

R. Smith del

London, Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Pall Mall.

Wide the loud thunder of the chase is spread,
And the ground rocks beneath the courser's tread.
Who but PARTENOPEX exults? His dart
He launch'd, and pierced the monster to the heart;
Then, blithe of mood, bestrode the prostrate beast,
And wound a joyful summons to the feast.
Quick trooping to the call, his hounds repair,
Throng round the prince, and spend their mouths
in air.

Yet bay'd the dogs, and yet the bugle rung,
When a fresh boar from forth the thicket sprung.
His speed what charm provoked, I know not well;
But, govern'd by the same resistless spell,
The child regain'd his horse, and, smiting sore
Upon his bleeding flanks, was seen no more.

Him long the admiring king and peers expect;
Then through the tangled brake their steps direct;

And to their lips the pealing horn apply,
In vain ; nor voice, nor bugle, made reply.
Forlorn they tarry till the fall of day,
Then homeward to the city wend their way ;
While scatter'd prickers, such the monarch's hest,
Through the long night protract their bootless
quest.

Far prick'd the boy, nor slack'd his courser's pace.
Nor wist that he was single in the chase,
Till day was well nigh spent ; then, heartless, laid
His limbs beneath an oak's embowering shade ;
Bent, with the morrow's early dawn, once more
The forest's devious mazes to explore.

Roused by the lark, he strives to measure back
His homeward way ; but, weetless of the track,
Still by the same o'er-ruling spell misled,
Worse than afore the gentle valet sped.

'Twas eve ; when from afar was heard the roar
Of hollow billows, bursting on the shore ;
And from those wilds forth issuing on the strand,
He view'd a bark fast anchor'd by the land.
Gay was the hull, and seemly to behold ;
The flag was sendal, purpled o'er with gold.

Scarce might he climb the deck, with toil fore-
done,
But in the shallop living wight was none.
While long and sore he mused, a gentle gale
Blew, rustling from the shore, and swell'd the sail.
Self-steer'd, o'er sparkling waves the vessel flew ;
The shore, receding, lessen'd from his view.
Wo was the boy ; the land might hope afford,
To him who back'd a steed, and grasp'd a sword ;
Alone upon the deep, what power could friend,
What skill direct him, or what force defend ?
Wrapt in such phantasies, (the work of spell,)
A balmy slumber on his eye-lids fell.

Waked by the noon-tide sun, he views a port,
So large, whole navies there might hold resort.
Here the trim bark her wonderous voyage ends;
Stay'd by a silken rope, the child descends.

Fast by the margin of the tumbling flood,
Crown'd with embattled towers, a castle stood.
The marble walls a chequer'd field display'd,
With stones of many-colour'd hues inlaid.
With that ('twas wrought of fayery) so dight,
The workmanship did pass the substance bright.
Flank'd with protecting towers, a league of ground
The far extending girt encompass'd round.
Within, trim garden, mead, and fruitful vale,
In gay confusion lay, and passing tale,—
Fit ornaments to grace a rich domain;
Huge garners to bestow the golden grain;
Tall mills, with crystal streams encircled round,
And villages, with rustic plenty crown'd.

There, fading in the distance, woods were seen,
With gaily glittering spires, and battlements be-
tween.

Beneath the porch, in rich mosaic, blaze
The sun, and silver lamp that drinks his rays.
Here stood the symbol'd elements pourtray'd,
And nature all her secret springs display'd.
Here too was seen whate'er of earlier age,
Or later time, had graced the historic page ;
And storied loves of knights and courtly dames,
Pageants and triumphs, tournaments and games.

Here Moses made the signal, and the sea
Was whelm'd on Pharaöh's paynim chivalry.
Beyond, the waves stood heap'd on either hand,
And Israel's tribes pass'd dry-shod on the land ;
Before the van her damsels danced along,
With trump, with shout, with timbrel, and with song.

Flores and maiden Blanchflower here were seen,
With trefoil and with true-love knot between.

Here to child Tristram, panting at his oar,
The drink of might the gentle Yseult bore ;
Shared in a luckless hour betwixt the twain ;
Brief pleasure, purchased with a world of pain !

Stript of her robes, and to the stake ypight,
Here stood fair Guenever, in piteous plight.
Not yet the pile was lit ; with sainted mein,
A reverend hermit seem'd to shrive the queen ;
Rapt, as of life to come, and matter high,
And saving truths he spake, and pointed to the
sky.

But she, for grief and shame had smote her sore,
In sooth, did little mark his ghostly lore.
Around, sans casque, or shield, in gloomy sort,
Stood the bold barons of King Arthur's court ;

And many a lord, and many a lady gay,
Lamenting, wrung their hands, and seem'd to moan
the day.

The next compartment a new scene bewray'd ;
Here prick'd a knightly band from green-wood
shade :

Their gonfainouns all shining in the sun,
Full at the assistant troop they seem'd to run.
Who led those worthies true from bush and brake ?
Who but the prew Sir Launcelot du Lake ?

Spurring, and plucking up of steeds was there :
Bristle the serried spears, and faulchions glare.
The field well won, before him on his selle,
Clasp'd in one arm, he bore that bonnibelle.
Sweet paragons of truth and love, farewell !

Other and sadder scenes of cark and care,
Sprung from the same bad source, were painted fair :

King Arthur's vengeful fury, Benwick's siege,
The strife unblest of vassal and of liege;
The treason and the wiles of him, misborn
In incest, and of faith and knighthood lorn,
Sir Modred; Arthur's dream, and Gauvain's ghost;
The parley, and the shock of either host;
The sword into the river cast; the hand
Thrust from the waves, to catch the charmed brand;
The ominous barge, slow parting from the shore,
Yfraught with doleful damsels, weeping sore.
All these, and other scenes, were quaintly dight.
But to my tale I turn, and of the child indite.

He enter'd on a hall, where stood the board,
With savoury cates and costly viands stored.
Here, too, fresh cause of wonderment did rise:
Nor dulcimer, nor harp, nor rote he spies,
Nor varlet to array the meats, nor priest
To bless the board, nor guest to grace the feast;

And much his mind misgave, some secret snare
Did lurk beneath a guise so strange and rare.
When, tho' no wight appear'd, fast by, a string
Was touch'd, and to the harp a voice 'gan sing :

“ Child, of heart so faint,
“ That dream'st, I know not what of ill,
“ Peril there is none in sooth :
“ Hence with ill-advised restraint !
“ High the sparkling goblet fill.
“ Sure it asks no reason quaint,
“ Sure it matters little skill,
“ All in colours plain to paint
“ This simple truth :

“ Thorough Nature's visage fair,
“ Be't in water, land, or air,
“ Good to ill doth aye succeed :
“ After winter cometh spring,

“ Wanes the night, in sparkling weed,
“ Morn up-springeth, in her stead.
“ Thou shalt well approve this lede :
“ Joy thou wot'st not of, shall bring
“ That which, or I falsely read,
“ Of sorrow past shall 'suage the sting.”

Cheer'd by the song, ere yet he framed the wish,
Pass'd to his hand, in turn, each costly dish ;
And a fair cup of gold itself did fill,
And, oft exhausted, was replenish'd still.
Choice fruits and dainty conserves came the last ;
Claret and pigment crown'd the rich repast.

The costly banquet done, the sightless crew,
That served him at the board, with lights withdrew ;
Thence pass'd into a bow'r, where stood a bed,
With milk-white furs of Alexandria spread :
Beneath, a richly broider'd vallance hung ;
The pillows were of silk ; o'er all was flung

A rare-wrought coverlet of phœnix plumes,
Which breathed, as warm with life, its rich per-
fumes.

Here the quaint elves the wondering child undrest,
And on the snow-white ermine laid to rest.

This done, the tapers sunk, slow creak'd the door,
And a soft foot-fall sounded on the floor.
MELIOR, in sooth, it was; the sovereign fay,
The wardress of that keep and garden gay.
She on the bed her dainty limbs down-laid,
Then started, and, as one affrighted, said :

“Hence, whosoe'er! hence! or my knights I call,
“And yield thee to their swords an helpless thrall.”

She ended,—and in few the boy display'd,
How late he wander'd in the green-wood shade;
From thence, by fairy sleight, to those fair realms
convey'd;

And added words that might her ire assuage,
And craved, for that one night, short harbourage.

Ill might the damsel boon uphold her cheer
Of counterfeited wrath, and tone severe.
Albe she nothing said, belike 'twas meant
Her silence should be construed for consent.
Then turning from the boy, it seem'd as she
Lay lapt at once in sweet tranquillity.

Certes, I cast not here to tell how soon,
Or pray'r, or force, obtain'd a sweeter boon.
Love, as 'tis said, by sufferance waxeth bold.—
Lordings, the rest is better guess'd than told.

Yet, blest beyond his hope, the restless boy
Felt somewhat still was wanting to his joy :
It was in light to view the imagined charms
Of the sweet fairy, lock'd within his arms.

To him that damsel boon :—" Thy wish forego ;
" Sad fountain, if indulged, of shame and woe.
" Yet more ; thou here, until a spell be done,
" Unseen of living wight, must make thy won ;
" But not deprived of fitting pastimes, live ;
" Share whatsoever joys mine art can give.
" Say, do the crystal streams, or woods delight?—
" Falcons and tiercelets I mew for flight.
" And at thy morrow's rising thou shalt find
" A wonderous horn ; the fairy bugle wind ;
" My hounds shall hear the call ; to merrier cry
" Did never shaggy holt, or hill reply.
" Melior, unseen, each new desire shall aid ;
" Frame but the wish, and find that wish obey'd.

" More than thou know'st, I may not, dare not tell,
" Save this, that with our wedlock ends the spell.
" Ere that, alas ! two years must pass away ;
" Save with a knight I may not plight my fay.

“ Ill would mine haughty feudatories bear
“ A beardless squire should fill the regal chair.

“ Know, far and wide extends my proud domain;
“ Princes and dukes I number in my train,
“ And haughty castellains, and barons bold,
“ And monarchs, who their realms by homage hold.
“ These ween’d me all too young to rule alone,
“ So will’d me choose a partner of my throne;
“ Some prince,—they reck’d not of his wealth, or
 dower,
“ So he were wise of rede, and stiff in stower.
“ With this proviso, that their general voice
“ Should ratify their youthful suzerain’s choice.
“ Thee then I chose; for thee, by fairy lore,
“ I wrought the wonderous chase, and roused the
 boar,
“ That forced thee from thy train; for thee my sprites
“ Dress’d this unfading garden of delights.

“ But first I cast thy stedfast faith to prove,
“ Nor grant the last and best reward of love,
“ Till, conscious of thy worth, with glad accord,
“ Mine haughty vassals own’d thee for their lord.
“ But thee, oh ! give me not to rue the hour,
“ The heedless elves conducted to my bow’r,
“ Not such mine hest. What boots the rest to tell?
“ Ah, deem it not a crime to love too well !”

Much said the child in turn ; the sum was this :
To yield him to her will in bale, or bliss.
Love passing proof he swore ; and still, besure,
Did grace his speech with goodliest garniture ;
(For, as King Solomon hath whilom sung,
’Tis fulness of the heart informs the tongue ;)
But with long toil forespent, and travel past,
Lies lapt in dull forgetfulness at last.
Not so the damsel ; she, ’twixt fear and joy,
Kept watch and ward upon the sleeping boy ;

But, mindful of the charm, in tears withdrew,
Ere the first sun-beams glitter'd on the dew.

Awaked, PARTENOPEX, sore wondering, deems
His blissful lot the sport of idle dreams ;
But, of the truth assured, with rapture view'd
The promised horn, with magic pow'r endued,
And store of kirtles and of garments gay,
The costly presents of his bounteous fay.

Then, done the noon-tide feast, his bugle slung,
Leapt on his steed, and prick'd the woods among :
He lent it breath, and, from the wilds around,
Yet echo did bemock the merry sound,
When, as his lady leman told before,
Round flock'd the lusty rousers of the boar ;
Each couple well-wrought chains of steel did hold,
Their necks were circled round with burning gold :
It seem'd as from one dam their blood they drew,
So match'd they were in shape, and all of sable hue.

The pastime to describe too long would hold,
And 'twere, beside, to tell a tale that's told.
Suffice, the quarry brought to ground, he blew
The prise, and to his dogs the carcase threw.
They, batten'd with the spoil, by some strange sleight
Of grammary, evanish'd clean from sight.
One only couple stay'd, as of accord,
To claim a closer quaintance of their lord.
And these the damsel gave, in hall, or bow'r,
To cheer by whiles the solitary hour ;
And taught their names; this Gage, and Gilmyn he;
Thus were the twain benempt in fayery.

So, spent in various solace, pass'd the day ;
At night his couch received the royal fay.
A parlous wit she had ; and could of lore,
And eke of ancient tales, a countless store.
And oft sage rules and precepts would she deal,
Such as might well his youthful bosom steel

'Gainst vicious lures ; and still, her rede betwixt,
Ensamples of recorded virtue mixt.
Nor charm'd the damsel less, when, boon and gay,
More lightsome phantasy did bear the sway.
Tender or free, in smiles or sadness drest,
The reigning humour seem'd to grace her best.
And still, whate'er the theme, so soft, so clear,
Her gentle accents sounded on his ear,
That, of all gifts the lovely dame might boast,
Perchance this sweet perfection liked him most.

In this I blame him not: of every grace
That tricks my love, 'bove dainty form, or face,
That which doth most my captive soul rejoice,
Is the sweet music of her thrilling voice.
But worser plight is mine ; predoom'd, in vain
To chase a fleeting good that mocks my pain.
His mistress did prevent his every thought,
Mine flouts my love-sick phantasy to nought.

If in his cup some bitter drops were thrown,
My draught is brew'd with noxious drugs alone.

Yet he,—for perfect happiness is not,—
Would now remember him of friends forgot.
This saw the dame, for love is eagle-eyed,
And, “Ween not, Child PARTENOPEX,” she cried,
“To hide thy secret thoughts, nor think thy fay,
“When duty bids thee hence, would bar thy way.
“Thy sire and king are dead; and Northmen whelm
“Dire havoc upon Gaul’s defenceless realm:
“E’en now their battles are abroad; they ford
“The Loire, and smite thy people with the sword.
“But thou, when morn shall chase the shadows dark,
“Go, get thee to the shore, and climb the barque:
“Myself huge store of treasure will supply;
“With this bold chiefs and bands adventurous buy;
“Knights and renowned squires enured to strife,
“Patient of toil, and prodigal of life.

“ Then bid thy vassals to the tented plain ;
“ Gird thy good sword, and give thy wrath the rein.
“ But, duty’s debt appaid, believe, thy fay
“ Chides sore each moment of protracted stay.”

She said; and, as she fear’d her cheer should shew
The secret of her ill dissembled woe,
E’en ere the child might miss her from his side,
Upstarted, and from forth the bow’r did glide.
Nor long, tho’ wavering with contrarious thought,
And half repentant of the boon he sought,
Behind the County linger’d ; forth he flung,
Ere the first bells for early matins rung.

He climbs the barge; the vessel owns the breeze,
Snaps her light cords, and shoots athwart the seas.
Outstretch’d upon the deck, (so wrought the spell)
Again sweet slumber on his eye-lids fell ;
Nor waked the prince, till, with the second sun,
The gallant barque, her wonderous voyage run,

Moor'd by the viewless crew, securely rides,
Where the swift Loire thro' flowery meadows glides.

Roused by the joyful dogs, who bay'd the land,
Upstarts the child, and issues on the strand ;
And sees where, gilded by the western beam,
Blois' airy tow'rs in bright perspective gleam.

He scant had touch'd the shore, when to his sight,
Bow'd down with eld, appear'd a stranger knight.
Of sumpter-nags he led a goodly train ;
Of each a liveried lacquey held the rein.
Before the boy that ancient louted low,
And in meet terms did thus his errand shew :

“ Gentle PARTENOPEX, thy royal fay
“ Salutes thee with what loving cheer she may.
“ By me she sends these rounceys stout, who bear
“ Large sums of gold, the sinews of the war.

“ Nor spare with niggard hand the shining store ;
“ This countless treasure spent, she deals thee more.
“ Observance of her hest all scores shall quite ;
“ She wills no hand but hers should dub thee knight.”

I pass how Blois from forth her straiten'd wall
Poured her bold burghers, at her prince's call ;
How France awaken'd, and what succours came,
Or 'ticed by fairy gold, or better fame ;
How singly thro' his foes he hew'd a lane,
Heap'd on each side with ramparts of the slain ;
The rest but closed the path their leader made,
And glean'd the worthless refuse of his blade.
His welcome, sports and pageants, I forbear,
And haste to feats of love, a more delightful care.

Amid the general joy, Blois' widow'd dame
Work'd with close art to quench the prince's flame.
She,—tho' from him she hid such fancy,—ween'd
The child a thrall to some enamour'd fiend ;

And,—for she thought a second love might best
Expel the fatal poison from his breast,—
Wrought on the youthful king, in wedlock's band,
To grace him with his blooming niece's hand ;
Herself she vow'd, by all controlling charms,
Should force the truant to that damsel's arms.

To her the wily dame, who well did scan
The maiden's thought, with sober cheer began :

“ Damsel, my niece, parlay it moves my ruth,
“ Vain love should blight the promise of thy youth;
“ While he, by whom thy virgin heart is wrung,
“ On a vile elf his base desires hath flung.
“ Melior the phantom's name : with her he dwells,
“ Lapt in imagined bliss, and limed by spells.
“ Yet”—(and she gave a fairy philtre, brew'd
With wonder-working herbs; then thus pursued:)
“ Yet may this drink of might absolve his shame,
“ And kindle in his breast a purer flame.”

It chanced, the Count, (to make my story short)
Lit from his steed, foredone with woodland sport.
Him the boon damsel met, and fair besought
“ He would assay the drink herself had wrought;
“ And ween’d that he should find that beverage
sweet

“ A sovereign remedy for inward heat.”
Rare wonder! scanty might he sip the bowl,
Ere a strange frenzy fired his alter’d soul;
He prints her burning cheeks with many a kiss,
Stiles her, his liege, his love, his sovereign bliss!—
And, “ Be these herbs,” she cried, “ twice, trebly
blest,

“ That blot the accursed Melior from thy breast!”
She spake: and at the name, like one aghast,
He stared; the charm was broke, the witchery past.

He leaps upon his courser, plies the gore,
And flies as shame and sorrow dogg’d him sore.

And now the stripling gain'd Loire's flowery side,
And saw the fairy ship at anchor ride ;
Breathless, he climbs the deck ; a favouring breeze
Springs, and the shallop darts across the seas.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

In olden time, derived of Trojan strain.—P. 4.

The pretence to a Trojan origin was made by both France and Britain during the middle ages. In the original, the foundation of the French monarchy is attributed to Marcomeris, a son of Hector, brought from Troy by Anchises, on the destruction of that city, and educated with Æneas. Arriving at manhood, he, according to the romancer, traversed the Alps, and, settling in Gaul, laid the first stone of that empire. In this account, Anchises is charged with having betrayed his country to the Greeks. Here, as M. Le Grand justly observes, the author has blundered between the father and the son. It is said, that the reproach of having sold Troy to its enemies was, previous to the time of Virgil, common to both Æneas and Antenor; and the escape of these two leaders, if true, forms some presumption in favour of the supposition. Others, says Le Grand, give the founder of the French monarchy the name of Francus, from whom the inhabitants of that country, according to the same authority, derive their denomination. Others pretend, that Hector himself survived the ruin of his native city, and, with a party of fugitive Trojans, formed an establishment in Gaul.

And wound a joyful summons to the feast.—P. 5.

The following extract from Erasmus's PRAISE OF FOLLY, will shew how long these qualifications continued to be admired. "Among

“ these, (he has been enumerating varieties of fools) are to be rank-
 “ ed such as take an immoderate delight in hunting, and think no
 “ music comparable to the sounding of horns, and yelping of beagles;
 “ and, were they to take physic, would no question think the most
 “ sovereign virtues to be in the *album græcum* of a dog’s ****.
 “ When they have run down their game, what strange pleasure they
 “ take in cutting of it up! Cows and sheep may be slaughtered by
 “ common butchers, but what is killed in hunting must be broke up
 “ by none under a gentleman, who shall throw down his hat, fall
 “ devoutly on his knees, and, drawing out a slashing hanger, (for a
 “ common knife is not good enough,) after several ceremonies, shall
 “ dissect all the parts as artificially as the best skilled anatomist;
 “ while all that stand round shall look very intently, and seem to be
 “ mightily surprised with the novelty, though they have seen the
 “ same a hundred times before; and he that can but dip his finger,
 “ and taste of the blood, shall think his own bettered by it. And
 “ though the constant feeding on such diet does but assimilate them
 “ to the nature of those beasts they eat of, yet they’ll swear that ve-
 “ nison is meat for princes, and that their living upon it makes them
 “ as great as emperors.”—*Kennett’s Translation*.

The absurdity of attaching importance to such pursuits, the ex-
 travagant length of time devoted to their acquirement, (namely,
 seven years spent in the study of *The mysteries of woods and rivers*,
 that is, hunting and hawking,) and the mist of pedantry and affecta-
 tion in which these studies were involved, will appear less striking
 on a general consideration of the habits and opinions of the middle
 ages. It is observed by Mr Scott, in his Notes on SIR TRISTREM,
 that, “ in an age when knowledge was rare, there prevailed a natu-
 “ ral disposition to attach mystery to the most common trades, and

“even to the amusements of the period. Arts, but imperfectly
 “known to the professors themselves, were rendered dark and im-
 “penetrable to the uninitiated, by the introduction of minute forms,
 “and the use of a peculiar phraseology. Shrouded by such disguises,
 “ignorance itself assumed the language and port of mysterious
 “knowledge, and the mystic orders of religion and of chivalry were
 “imitated in the inferior associations of mechanics and fellow-crafts.
 “It is therefore no wonder that the chase, the exclusive amusement,
 “or rather the only pacific employment, of the great, should be
 “decorated with an appropriate diction, and rendered solemn by an
 “established code of regulations.”

Nor are these sports only to be considered as the mere amusement
 of a martial and unlettered nobility. The chase, till within a com-
 paratively late period of society, was a concern of the most serious
 importance, as it furnished the principal means of subsistence, pre-
 vious to the improvement of agriculture. In a record, relating to
 the expences of Edward III., a large sum is charged for the provi-
 sioning several of his castles with salted venison; and the site of
 monasteries had frequently a reference to this consideration. In the
 romance of *Melusine*, the King of France makes a grant of ground
 for a priory in the neighbourhood of a forest, and, at the same
 time, gives the monks licence *de prendre en la forest oyseaux et sau-*
vagines, pour leurs vivre en leur hostel.—HISTOIRE DE MELUSINE.

Worse than afore the gentle valet sped.—P. 6.

The title of *varlet*, or *valet*, synonymous with that of *Damoiseau* in
 French, and *Knave* in English, was given indifferently to the sons of
 kings and great nobles, not yet knighted. In *Villehardouin*, the son
 of the Emperor of the East is denominated *Varlet de Constantinople*;

and in the account of the house of Philip the Fair, the three children of that monarch, as well as several other princes, are styled *varlets*. Hence the prince, in a pack of cards, is by the French still called *Varlet*, and by the English *Knave*. This term, as well as that of squire, has two different significations. In the story of the *Trois Aveugles de Compiègne*, the attendant of a clerk is sometimes called *valet*, and sometimes *ecuyer*, the same name being applied to a servant and the son of a noble, or king. M. Le Grand is anxious to derive the two senses, in which the latter word is used, from two different sources; supposing that, when given to a noble, it is derived from *ecu*, as bearing the shield; and that, when applied to a more ignoble state of servitude, it owes its origin to *ecurie*, as a servant employed in the stable.—See LE GRAND'S Notes to the *Fabliau of Aucassin et Nicolette*, and the *Trois Aveugles de Compiègne*, Tom. iii.

Gay was the hull, and seemly to behold.—P. 7.

Such splendid barques are common in romance. In *Richard Cœur de Lyon*, messengers of Henry II. meet at sea a vessel of this description:

Suche ne sawe they never none;
 For it was so gay begone.
 Every nayle with gold ygrave;
 Of pure gold was his sclave;
 Her mast was of yvery;
 Of samite her sayle wytly;
 Her ropes al of whyte silke,
 As whyte as ever was ony mylke.
 The noble shyp was, wythout,
 With clothes of gold spred about;
 And her loft and her wyndlace
 Al of gold depaynted was.

Self steer'd, o'er sparkling waves the vessel flew.—P. 7.

In the *Morte Arthur* is a fine wild adventure, which, in its commencement, bears some resemblance to the present. King Arthur, together with one of his knights, being separated from his suite, during a severe chase, perceives a beautiful barque at anchor on a lake. The monarch and his companion go on board, and are sumptuously entertained. The parallel between the two stories ends here, for Arthur, having fallen asleep, wakes prisoner in a dungeon.—*Morte Arthur*, Part I.

The *Lay of Gugemer* is built on an incident precisely similar to the present.

There is also an adventure of a similar nature in the romance of CLARIS AND LARIS, where a ferry is served by a self-navigated boat. But here the transport was conditional, and no disloyal persons might attempt the passage, but paid the price of such temerity with their lives.

Clariss and Laris had been lovers during the lifetime of the lady's husband, and the despairing knight was reduced by passion to the last extremities. His mistress was, at this crisis, induced to try the healing power of a single kiss; a medicine which instantly restored him to his former vigour.

The husband of Laris dying opportunely, she passed this ferry in the enchanted barque, accompanied by Clariss, in their passage to his father's kingdom, where he was to receive the last reward of his fidelity. Having nearly accomplished the voyage, considered as an incontrovertible test of virtue, she indulged in a strain of exultation, which experience proved to have been ill-timed; for, scarcely had she set foot upon the shore, when an invisible hand plunged her

backwards into the water. Justice was satisfied with this immersion, and she was dragged to land by her lover, who appears to have been more amused by the adventure than should seem consistent with the delicacy of a *preux chevalier*.

The fiction of these enchanted vessels is, together with many other parts of romantic machinery, to be found both in Grecian and in Celtic fable. In the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, Alcinous says to Ulysses :

“ So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign’d
 “ In wondrous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind;
 “ No helm secures their course, no pilot guides;
 “ Like men intelligent, they plough the tides,
 “ Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
 “ That lies beneath the sun’s all-seeing ray.”

POPE’S *Translation of the Odyssey*.

Mr Macpherson has also given an extract from an old Gaëlic tale, which is built upon a similar foundation :

“ Sgeir, ^a an ancient druid, though his command extended over
 “ the elements, was dissatisfied with the narrow limits of his know-
 “ ledge, and panted for a sight of the Green Island of the West. ^b
 “ One day, as he sat meditating on a rock, a storm arose, and a
 “ cloud, under whose skirts the waters were troubled, rushed to-
 “ wards him. From its womb issued forth a boat, with her sails
 “ bent to the wind, and hung round with a thousand oars; but it

^a *Sgeir* signifies, in Gaëlic, a rock in the sea.

^b Termed *Flath Innis*, or *Flatheas*, that is, The Isle of Heroes; the paradise of Celtic mythology. The word is preserved in the Gaëlic translation of the English liturgy, where it stands for the Christian heaven.

“ was unfurnished with mariners, itself seeming to live and move.
“ An unusual terror seized upon the druid. He heard a voice,
“ though he saw no human being: ‘ Arise, behold the boat of the
“ heroes! Arise, and see the green isle of those who have passed
“ away.’

“ Under the influence of a secret but irresistible force, he em-
“ barked in the miraculous boat, and sailed, during seven days, in
“ the bosom of the cloud. His ears (says the tale) were stunned
“ with shrill voices; the dull murmur of winds passed him on ei-
“ ther side. He slept not, yet were not his eyes heavy. He eat
“ not, yet was he not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swell-
“ ed into mountains; the boat was rocked violently from side to
“ side: The darkness thickened around him; when a thousand voices
“ at once exclaimed, ‘ The isle! The isle!’ The billows opened
“ wide before him: The calm land of the departed rushed in light
“ upon his eyes.”

Very little reliance is to be placed in the Gaëlic tales, as exhibit-
ing faithful pictures of original Celtic superstitions; but Mr Mac-
pherson has vouched the authenticity of this national legend by a
passage from Procopius.

With stones of many-colour'd hues inlaid.—P. 8.

The description of this fairy building bears a great resemblance to
the Castle of Tintagel, the residence of King Mark of Cornwall.
The original describes these walls of Chedoire, as built *de marbre
rouge et blanc, arrangé par compartiment en echiquier*. Those of Tin-
tagel were composed of bricks, alternately red and blue. In other
points, such as in being built near a capacious port, and commanding
rich meadows and forests full of game, these two buildings almost

exactly correspond. *Vide* in Scott's *SIR TRISTREM*, Ellis's precis of a French romance on the same subject, page 206.

This edifice of Tintagel was supposed to have been built by giants. So the giant Beliagog, vanquished by Sir Tristrem, promises to build him a hall.

Beliagogue in hight,
Nought lain,
An hall to make him bright,
To Ysonde and Brengwain.
Sir Tristrem, Fytte Third.

The erection of wonderful castles and palaces is the constant work of fairies and giants in romance. In addition to the castle of Che-doire, see the account of the fortresses raised by Melusine in France, and Morgue, the fay, in Britain, &c. This is also common to the Orientals. The genii, who were styled, by the Persians, Peries and Dives, were famous for their architectural skill. The pyramids of Egypt have been ascribed to them; and we are told of a strange fortress, which they constructed in the remote mountains of Spain, which presented the following inscription:

"It is no light task to disclose the portal of this asylum. The bolt, rash passenger, is not of iron, but the tooth of a furious dragon. Know thou, that no one can break this charm, till destiny shall have consigned the key to his adventurous hand."

The Koran relates, that genii were employed by Solomon in the erection of his magnificent temple.

The explanation of this belief is sufficiently obvious; but it is so well expressed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that I shall transcribe his words: "The travellers into the East tell us," says he, "that when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are interrogated con-

“ cerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining amongst them,
 “ the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long lost
 “ science, they always answer, that they were built by magicians.
 “ The untaught mind finds a vast gulph between its own powers and
 “ those works of complicated art, which it is utterly unable to fa-
 “ thom; and it supposes, that such a void can only be passed by su-
 “ pernatural means.”—*Discourse VI. Vol. I. REYNOLDS' WORKS.*

Beneath the porch, in rich mosaic, blaze

The sun, and silver lamp that drinks his rays.

Here stood the symbol'd elements pourtray'd.—P. 9.

This mosaic was probably intended for purposes of necromancy, as well as ornament. It is scarcely necessary to state, that judicial astrology was considered, during the middle ages, as one of the necessary helps to magic. In a work entitled, *Ars Magica, sive Magia Naturalis et Artificiosa, &c. Cap. II. De Sigillis Magicis*, are the following instructions for erecting certain astrological figures:

“ *Ad favorem regum et principum conciliandum morbosque calidos*
 “ *cordiales curandos, imago solis, in auro puro, primâ leonis facie, fa-*
 “ *bricetur.*

“ *Ad bona et honores adipiscendos morbosque cerebri frigidos curan-*
 “ *dos, imaginem lunæ conferre,” &c.^a*

Leo also, in his “History of Africa,” gives an account of an astrological scheme, erected by the professors of *natural magique* in Fez, and states, amongst other devices, such as the sun, the moon,

^a To conciliate the favour of kings and princes, and to remedy hot diseases of the heart, form, in pure gold, the image of the sun entering upon Leo; that of the moon, for the attainment of wealth and honours, and the cure of cold diseases of the brain.

the seven planets, &c. that about the circumference of the first circle they "paynt the fower elements."—LEO's *History of Africa*, p. 149.

These were supposed to be possessed of peculiar virtues, and were each symbolized by three of the zodiacal signs. A minute description of the properties and emblems of one will be sufficient: "*Ignæ triplicitatis, id est arietis, leonis et sagittarii figura, sculpta lapide pretioso, omnibus frigidis ægreditudinibus valere perhibetur, opitulariq. febribus phlegmaticis, et ob planetarum, qui in illis signis tenent dominium, dignitatem, reddere deo et hominibus gratum, facundum, ingeniosum, honorumq. et dignitatum facile potiri valentem. Debet autem ita sculpi, ut in triangulo leo teneat conum, aries in basi dextram, sagittarius sinistram.*"^b In the same manner, earth was represented by Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn; air by Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius; water by Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces.

And storied loves of knights and courtly dames.—P. 9.

In the romance of *Emare*, an emperor is presented with a cloth curiously wrought.

In that on korner was made
Idoyne and Amadas,
With love that was so trewe:

^b The triple form of fire, that is, of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, represented in precious stone, is reported to be of avail in all cold ailments; to be serviceable in phlegmatic fevers; and, on account of the dignity of the planets who hold dominion in those signs, to render one acceptable to God and man, well spoken, witty, and capable to the enjoyment of honours and dignities. It ought, moreover, so to be pictured, that, in a triangle, Leo may hold the top, Aries, upon the base, the right, Sagittarius the left.

For they loveden hem with honour,
 Pourtray'd they wer with trewe-love flour
 Of stones bryght of hewe.

* * * * *

In that other corner was dyght,
 Trystram and Isowde so bryght,
 That semely were to see, &c. &c.

RITSON'S *Metrical Romances*, Vol. II.

So in the hall, before mentioned, which Beliagog built for Sir
 Tristrem:

At his days, in the halle,
 Swete Ysonde was wrought,
 Hodain^a and Pen Cru to call;
 The drink hou Brengwain brought;
 Marke yclad in palle,
 And Meriadok, full of thought:
 So liifliche weren thei alle,
 Ymages semed it nought,
 To abide;
 And Tristrem how he fought
 With Beliagog unride.

The use of ornamental furniture, representing historical, romantic, and Scriptural stories, was universal amongst the nobility of the middle ages. "I will add a new proof," says Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, "of the reverence in which such stories were held, and of the familiarity with which they must have been known to our ancestors. These fables (romances) were not only perpetually repeated at their festivals, but were the constant ob-

^a *Hodain and Pen Cru*, two dogs so called.

“jects of their eyes. The very walls of their apartments were clothed with romantic histories.” Then follows an account of suits of arras, thus wrought, too tedious to describe. Sometimes the work, which perhaps, as he observes, stood in much need of such illustration, was explained by short sentences in rhyme ; Vol. I. p. 209. He traces this custom to a very distant source: “ I have before mentioned,” he continues, “ that the most valuable, and perhaps most ancient, work of this sort, now existing, is the entire series of Duke William’s descent on England, preserved in the church of Bayeux, in Normandy, and intended as an ornament of the choir on high festivals. Bartholinus relates, that it was an art much cultivated among the ancient Icelanders, to weave the history of their giants and champions in tapestry.” He then proceeds to observe, that this practice, prevalent also amongst the nations of classical antiquity, was common to the countries of China and Japan.

*Flores and maiden Blanchflower here were seen,
With trefoil and with true-love knot between.—P. 10.*

The hero and heroine of a Spanish, or, more probably, an old French romance: their portraits in tapestry are represented as accompanied with such device. The true-love knot, in this place, as well from its being joined with the trefoil, as from a passage in Chaucer, which has been explained by Stevens, appears to have been an herb. He quotes from *Gerard’s Herbal*: “ *Herba Paris*, One berrie, or herb *Truelove* ; at the very top whereof come forth fower leaves, directly set one against another, in manner of a Burgunnion-cross, or a true-love knot; for which cause, amongst the ancients, it hath been called *Herbe True-love*.”

Here to child Tristram, &c.—P. 10.

The story of Tristram and Yseult is too well known to require a comment.

Here stood fair Guenever, &c.—P. 10.

Queen Guenever, sentenced to the stake for her loves with Sir Launcelot, was rescued by that knight. This incident gave rise to a severe and bloody war between the Suzerain and his vassal, during which Sir Launcelot exhibited a degree of generous forbearance, which might seem almost to atone for his past disloyalty.

At length Arthur is recalled from France, the scene of hostilities, by news of an invasion of Britain, under the conduct of Modred, who stood towards him in the double relation of nephew and son. He is warned, by the ghost of Sir Gauvaine, in a dream, to delay the battle till the arrival of Sir Launcelot, who, with unparalleled gallantry, was hastening to his assistance. Under the impression of this vision, he requests a conference with the enemy. A parley is agreed upon, and a certain number of knights accompany their respective princes to the place of rendezvous. Each, however, suspicious of the other, advises his troops, that a sword shewn on either side is to be considered as a signal for the onset. One of the party, stung by an adder, draws his sabre to destroy it. The armies instantly join; an almost universal slaughter ensues; Modred is killed, and Arthur desperately wounded. In this situation, he confides his sword Excalibar to Sir Bediver, the butler, with directions to throw it into a neighbouring river. After some evasions and delay, he complies with this injunction, when a hand appears from the waters, and, after brandishing it thrice, vanishes from view. Soon after-

wards arrives a barge full of weeping damsels, who carry King Arthur from the land. From this time he is heard of no more. Sir Bediver, however, gathers from the conversation of these damsels, that it was Morgue, with some sister Fairies, who came to convey the king to the isle of Avalon^a for the recovery of his health; but that his tardiness in fulfilling Arthur's commission, apparently the signal for their arrival, might frustrate those benevolent intentions.

Some affirm, that the king's body was found on the field of battle, and afterwards royally interred; some, that he died in the isle of Avalon; some, that he lives there still, and will hereafter reign over Britain.

As for Queen Guenever, she departed this life, a most repentant sinner; as did her lover Sir Launcelot, who assumed the hermit's frock. As he appears never to have changed the hair shirt which he wore next his skin, from his first adoption of that garment to the time of his decease, he may truly be said to have died *en odeur de sainteté*.

Nor dulcimer, nor harp, nor rote he spies.—P. 12.

These were necessary appendages to the tables of the great, whose feasts were enlivened by the recitation of tales or romances, by lays sung to musical instruments, and tricks of jugglery and legerdemain. The nobility, in general, enjoyed these amusements only on solemn festivals, or on the accidental arrival of a troop of minstrels or jugglers at their castles; but kings and great princes, whose revenues

^a *Innis Avalon*, is, in Welch, the Isle of Apples. *Innis Abhallan* (pronounced in the same manner) has, in Gaëlic, a similar meaning.

enabled them to purchase such a constant source of amusement, entertained a troop of these men on permanent pay.

————— *fast by, a string*
Was touch'd, &c.—P. 13.

Though this is not in the original, many points of resemblance between the romance, and the story from which the idea is borrowed, will form the subject of some future note.

Claret and pigment crown'd the rich repast.—P. 14.

Claret was wine mixed with honey; and pigment, wine medicated with both honey and spice. This was the *vin du coucher*, of which we so often read in old memoirs and romances.

————— *a bed,*
With milk-white furs of Alexandria spread.—P. 14.

Furs, carpets, and precious stuffs, formed the stratum of beds during the middle ages. These, as well as all other articles, the production, or manufacture of the East, were imported from Alexandria, the entrepôt between Europe and Asia previous to the discovery of the Cape. In Paris, so late as the seventeenth century, it was the practice to adorn the beds of the sick at the *Hotel Dieu*, on the feast of the Assumption, with coverlets of fur.

It was customary with women of quality to leave their beds, with all their accompanying ornaments, as knights did their horses and arms, to the church in which they were buried. This usage was, like many other practices, (so dangerous are precedents in piety,) changed by the clergy into obligation and law.

————— *o'er all was flung,*
A rare-wrought coverlet of phœnix plumes.—Pp. 14. 15.

It seems probable that the feathers of the Bird of Paradise are here meant by the romancer; as Brown, in his *VULGAR ERRORS*, states, that, even in his time, (the seventeenth century) their plumes passed for those of the phœnix. These were imported, together with other productions of the East, before mentioned, from Alexandria. The use to which they are in this place applied, is but of a piece with the general picture of exaggerated luxury and magnificence presented to our view.

Various fowls have, in different countries, usurped the name and honours of the phœnix, though they do not seem to have possessed any of her marvellous properties. This bird was supposed to be single in its species, to exhibit the most brilliant variety of plumage, and to enjoy a life of miraculous duration, the lowest calculations fixing it at a period of three hundred years. The term of her existence drawing to a conclusion, she was said to construct a funeral pile of aromatic woods and spices, to fire it with the motion of her wings, and expire in the flame. From her ashes sprang a worm, which was in time transformed into a bird, clothed with all the beauty and fabulous properties of the parent. This idea, it has been justly observed, was probably suggested by the metamorphosis of the libella, or other insects of the same class. Different writers have assigned Ethiopia, Arabia, and other Asiatic countries, as the abode of this natural wonder.

According to Dr Brown, many learned men have conceived the whole an ingenious allegory of the immortality of the soul.

This bird was, amongst the Egyptians, a hieroglyphic of the sun. For the various opinions that have been broached upon the subject, as well by naturalists, philosophers and divines, See BROWN'S *Vulgar Errors*.

Melior in sooth it was; the sovereign fay.—P. 15.

The fays, in romance, are to be classed under two separate heads: the first order was a sort of link between men and spirits; as the dryads and other earthly deities were, amongst the ancients, an intermediate race between men and gods. They possessed many qualities in common with the *nymphæ sorores*, such as beauty, gentleness of disposition, a fondness for sequestered scenes, and, above all, a love of mankind, not always perfectly disinterested. Such are the Fairies in the lays of Lanval and Gruélan; such are Pressine and Melusina. These, though yielding to the dictates of passion, were tender and constant in their attachments: the two latter, indeed, sanctified their joys by a legitimate union with their lovers. Others, again, like Morgue, were less delicate in their amours; these seduced and imprisoned their admirers, and were the Circes of romance.

The supposition that the Fairies of Europe are derived from the Peris of Persian fiction, seems to be placed almost beyond dispute, by the resemblance between the generic name of this class (the Persian letter *P* being, in the Arabic, changed into *F*;) and the particular names borne by individuals, both in Eastern and Western fable. Such are the Urgandas and Mergians of Oriental extraction, whose names are recognized in the appellations of the Urganda and Morgana of Europe. Vide WHARTON'S *History of Ancient English Poetry*.

Very contradictory opinions seem to have been entertained in Europe respecting the state and powers of these creatures of fancy. One while we are led to suppose them elevated infinitely above the lot of mortality, and, at another, to consider their rank in existence as not comparable to our own. In the lay of Lanval, we see his fay eclipsing the splendour of a queen; and, in the history of Melusine, we find her mother, the Fairy Pressine, enlarging upon the advantage her daughter enjoyed, in inheriting a mixture of mortal blood, and in being the issue of a king. This apparent contradiction perhaps arose from the opinion entertained by many, and quoted from Paracelsus by Lewis in his history of Britain, viz. that they were without souls. He moreover affirms, that when they cohabit with the children of Adam, the children are of our blood, and not of theirs. This opinion is, however, contradicted by the most authentic histories of fayery, particularly that of Melusine, herself a Fairy, whose children gave evident proofs of elfin blood, though their mother was only half bred, and their father a mortal.

I should here also mention another point of resemblance between the European and Asiatic Fairy. All these sons of Melusine were distinguished, either by some personal deformity, or strange violence of temper. From the story of Pari, or, more properly, Peri Banou,^a this appears to have been the case with the male descendants and relatives of the Oriental Fairies. The singular portrait of Banou's brother, his deformity and ferocity, are perhaps deeply impressed on the memory of many of my readers.

^a *Peri Banou*, according to Herbelot, signifies a good Fairy. *Benon*, or *Beni al Gian*, says this author, is another name for the good spirits who separated from the rebellious crew by Eblis or Lucifer.

The other class of Fairies, so frequent in romance, were nothing more than women skilled in magic. This science, when founded on astrology, and styled *magia alba*, was not generally considered unlawful, though many entertained and supported a contrary opinion. This appears to have originated in a variety of causes. Some only deprecated the exercise of the science, as a bold inquiry into futurity, or assumption of power not naturally vested in man; others considered it as a mere cloak for darker practices, and thought that the planets,

————— tho' these did pore
Their eyes out, could not tell them more
Than the oracle of sieve and shears,
That turns as certain as the spheres;
But, if the dev'l was of their council,
Much might be done.

A third class seems to have been, in after times, scandalized by the looseness of religious principles, amongst the proficient in judicial astrology, and from thence to have deduced conclusions very unfavourable to the science they professed. This charge, for the evidence of which see SULLY'S MEMOIRES, Book XII. &c., appears to have been well founded, and is to be very simply explained. For, as we have observed many, even in the present times, only reject the light of revealed religion, in order to plunge into superstitions, more gross than those of the most corrupt of the Christian churches, so men were still more liable to these extremes before philosophy had established a medium, which, though less offensive to reason, has been equally mischievous in its effects.

Though, in romance, there are instances of knights dabbling in magic, we shall generally find this science ascribed to clerks (*i. e.*

men of letters) and women. Perhaps a skill in fayery, so often assigned to ladies of distinction in the old romances, may be attributed to their superior education. In the MORT D'ARTHUR, we find, that Morgue, the fay, was "put to schole in a nonnery, where she learned so much, that shee became a great clarke in nygromancy;" and, in the ballad of King Honor, his widow having, from motives of policy, for a time exchanged children with the wife of Wise William, says to that lady,

" And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk
 " Right weel to breast a steed;
 " And I sall learn your turtle dow
 " Right weel to write and read."

See BORDER MINSTRELSY.

Thy wish forego!—P. 17.

The reader will here perceive one of those traits to which I before alluded.

Falcons and tiercelets I mew for flight.—P. 17.

Hawking, an amusement pursued with almost as much enthusiasm as hunting during the middle ages, was continued throughout Europe, till it was superseded by the general use and improved manufacture of guns. From the tenth to the fourteenth century, we frequently find hawks demanded and furnished as articles of tribute; and we have, in various stories of those times, evidence of the extravagant degree of estimation in which these birds were held. They were, indeed, considered as symbols of high estate, and, as such, were constantly carried about by the nobility of both sexes. Barclay, in his translation from Brandt, complains of the indecent usage

of bringing them into places appropriated to public worship; a practice which, in the case of some individuals, appears to have been recognized as a right. The treasurer of the church of Auxerre enjoyed the distinction of assisting at divine service, on solemn days, with a falcon on his fist; and the lord of Sassai held the privilege of perching his upon the altar. Not only did the nobility of the middle ages take these birds with them on journeys in time of peace, they even carried them into battles; and, as nothing was thought more dishonourable to a man of rank than to give up his hawk, they, if taken prisoners, frequently refused to resign them, even as the price of liberty.

Falconry, from the situations in which it was usually pursued, was, as has been before stated, styled the mystery of rivers, in opposition to hunting, which, for similar reasons, was denominated the mystery of woods. It at first appears difficult to conceive, how an amusement, which can, as it is now pursued, be only enjoyed in perfection in an open country, even by bold and expert horsemen, could have been successfully exercised on such ground as the banks of rivers usually afford. But the solution of this difficulty is to be found in the peculiar flight of the heron, the most favourite bird of chase; who, instead of taking a horizontal direction, as is the case with field birds, rises perpendicularly to a great height, on finding himself the object of pursuit; while his enemy, using equal efforts to out-tower him, at length gains the advantage, swoops upon him with prodigious force, and strikes him to the ground. The whole of this contest, therefore, might be easily viewed without the spectators moving far from the spot where the game was sprung.

Hawking, which seems most probably to have been of Eastern invention, cannot, in Europe, be traced higher than the beginning of the fourth century.

*And at thy morrow's rising thou shalt find
A wonderful horn, &c.—P. 17.*

Horns, endued with magic virtues, are common presents in romance. In the history of HUON DE BOURDEAUX, Oberon, king of Faÿery, presents the hero with a bugle, one of whose virtues was to inspire whosoever heard it with such extravagant mirth, that they were utterly unable to repress the transports it occasioned. But it had another more useful property: At the first note sounded in any time of danger, his Elfin majesty arrived to the immediate succour of him who blew it, at the head of an hundred thousand men. Its virtues were, however, conditional; and Huon was advertised, that to recur to his horn but in the most imminent crisis of peril, or to stain his conduct by any breach of loyalty, would be to forfeit its powers, and subject himself to the uttermost distress.

Huon was in repeated disgrace with the Fairy king for an abuse of his present; but the good-natured monarch, conscious of the almost irresistible temptation to which he had subjected him, did not cancel its powers, till provoked by a more serious offence, namely, a flagrant act of disloyalty.

This was unfortunately at a time when Huon most needed his assistance. He had been sent, by Charlemagne, who covertly sought his destruction, on an embassy to Gaudisse, a Paynim admiral.^a This legation was not likely to be received by that prince with much complacency; inasmuch as the envoy, in addition to a de-

^a *Admiral*, Emir. The word is compounded of *emir*, or *amir*, a "commander, or "prince," and the article *al*, of; thus *emir al omëra*, "commander of commanders." Europeans, ignorant of the language, formerly joined the two words together; and hence admiral, now used in a limited sense.—HERBELOT'S *Dictionary*.

mand of a thousand varlets, a thousand damsels, a thousand hawks, a thousand vultures, and a thousand bears, a handful of the Paynim's beard, and four of his jaw teeth, was directed to kiss his daughter, and to cut off the head of the most distinguished of his barons. Huon having penetrated into the Admiral's garden, in the prosecution of this perilous enterprize, bethought him of his enchanted horn, which he immediately sounded with all his might. But, alas, its principal virtue was lost! No Oberon arrived. Its mirth-inspiring quality, however, remained; for, at the first sound, says the tale, "*L'Admiral Gaudisse, qui assis estoit au disner, se leva de la table; luy que le serroit de vin, et tous ceux que là dedans estoient, dames et damoyelles, pucelles, escuyers, et garçons, et soullards de cuisine vindrent au palais ou estoit l'Admiral, et là commencerent tous à danser et à chanter par une si grande joye, que si a ceste heure là on les eust veu, on ne se fust peu tenir de rire: et de tant plus fort cornoit, de tant plus fort dansoient et chantoient.*" The Admiral, however, does not seem to have relished dancing upon compulsion; for he, the instant a suspension of the music allowed him breath, dispatched his barons, in hostile array, against the unfortunate musician.—*Histoire de Huon de Bourdeaux.*

The value of the horn, endued with fairy virtues, may be estimated by the following quotation from an old work on magic. Amongst other things, the author enumerates, "*libram, gemmam, vel cornu magicum, quibus habitis, facile si quis vellet, se mundi monarcham instituerit.*"^a—Arbatelus de Magiâ apud Veteres.

^a A book, jewel, or magic horn, by the possession of which, any one, who should choose it, might render himself sovereign of the world.

*I wrought the wonderful chase, and roused the boar,
That forced thee from thy train, &c.—P. 18.*

So, in the Metamorphosis of Picus, Circe decoys that prince into her power, by means of a magic boar :

——— *effigiem, nullo cum corpore, falsi
Fenxit apri, præterque oculos transcurrere regis
Jussit et in, densum trabibus, nemus ire videri.*

OVID. Metamor. Lib. XIV.

The principal incident in an old Irish poem, entitled, *Laoidh na Sealga*, or the Lay of the Chase, the original of which, with a poetical translation, is to be found in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, very much resembles the beginning of this adventure. Fingal, with two of his dogs, is alone engaged in the pursuit of a beautiful doe, which leads him from Almhaim, in the province of Leinster, to Slieve Guillin, or the mountain of Guillin, part of which is in Ulster, and part in Armagh. Here he loses sight of the quarry, but, in its lieu, discovers a beautiful damsel, weeping by the side of a lake. This damsel, of course, turns out to be an enchantress; but the remainder of the story bears no affinity to the present.

The reader will also in this, as well as other parts of this adventure, observe a great resemblance to one of the Persian tales; but I defer making any further remarks on this head to another place, since the discussion must necessarily anticipate the catastrophe of the romance. There is also another Oriental story, which bears a strong likeness to the commencement of this adventure. A young prince is seduced into the pursuit of a beautiful antelope. He stops his horse, after a fruitless chase, under the walls of a ruined town,

and perceives a beautiful girl weeping bitterly. Here, as well as in the Celtic fable, the resemblance ends.—SCOTT'S *Persian and Arabic Tales*.

Their necks were circled round with burning gold.—P. 20.

The pomp displayed by our ancestors in every thing that related to the chase, manifested itself in the richness of the hoods with which their hawks were veiled, and the precious metal which composed the collars of their dogs. The latter piece of magnificence may be traced to a very early period. In the Song of Thrym, that Icelandic giant is thus described :

High on a mound, in lofty state,
Thrym, the king of the Thyrsi, sate :
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

See HERBERT'S *Specimens of Icelandic Poetry*, &c.

*It seem'd as from one dam their blood they drew ;
So match'd they were in shape, and all of sable hue.*—P. 20.

From the description of these dogs, we must conclude, that they were either familiar, or subordinate spirits, subjected to the Fay by her skill in necromancy ; nor ought we hence to form any conclusions unfavourable to the innocence of her art, as two of the seven sciences into which lawful magic was divided, gave its professors the dominion over familiar and elementary spirits : But of this more hereafter.

The colour of black was sure to throw any dog under the suspicion of being somewhat more than dog ; and, as the vulgar did not understand the difference between good and evil spirits, or enter

into the distinctions of lawful and unlawful magic, he was usually considered "as little better than a lost monster."—"Simon Magus, (says Haywood in his *Hierarchy of Angels*) "had a great blacke dog "tyed in a chain, who, if any man came to speake with him whom "he had no desire to see, was ready to devoure him." This vigilant guardian of a philosopher's leisure is immediately afterwards determined to be a familiarized evil spirit.

Cornelius Agrippa was also much scandalized on account of a black dog who had been long domesticated with him, and whom he is said to have dismissed, in the article of death, with a memorable malediction. The animal being at the same time freed from a magic collar, immediately fled from his master's presence, and, leaping into a river, (different authors assign different scenes for his exit) disappeared beneath the stream.

The philosopher and his dog have, however, been fortunate enough to find an advocate in Wierus, the friend and pupil of Agrippa, who resolves the story into nothing more than that the said reputed conjuror had a dog and a bitch, respectively known by the names of *Monsieur* and *Mademoiselle*, of whom he was ridiculously fond. He denies the awful dismissal of one of these animals, &c.—WIERUS, *Liber de Magis Infamibus*, Cap. V.

*And these the damsel gave, in hall or bow'r,
To cheer by whiles the solitary hour.—P. 21.*

These dogs were perhaps not only given to her lover by the fay, as companions during her absence, but as a necessary appendage of princely establishment. As such, they ranked high amongst the presents offered to kings. The degree of estimation in which they were held was of long continuance. It was a saying of Francis I., that the

poorest gentleman of France might well receive his king, "*s'il avoit à lui montrer un beau cheval, un beau chien, et un belle femme.*"

In the Lay of Lanval, his fay, (and much stress is laid upon the pomp of her equipage,) appears, preceded by a beagle. From this, as well as a thousand other instances, and more particularly from the custom of placing the effigies of a dog at the foot of the figure in old sepulchral monuments, it is apparent that these animals were considered, equally with falcons, as symbols of distinction. The reason for both is obvious. The chase was the exclusive right and amusement of the nobility: The emblems of the first, therefore, became the favourite ensigns of the latter.

————— *and could of lore,*
And eke of ancient tales, a countless store.—P. 21.

This was, as it usually is amongst all unlettered people, considered a most desirable female accomplishment during the middle ages.

————— *Northmen whelm*
Dire havoc upon Gaul's defenceless realm.—P. 23.

The original makes this the last invasion of the Normans.

Myself huge store of treasure will supply;
With this bold chiefs and bands adventurous buy.

* * * * *

Then bid thy vassals to the tented plain.—Pp. 23. 24.

The mode of levying forces, like most other grand features of national policy, was, during the middle ages, founded on the same principles, however varying in detail, in almost every state in Europe. But as our business is at present with France, it will be necessary,

more immediately, to consider the system of feudal service in that kingdom; the rise of those bands of adventurers alluded to in the text; and, finally, the establishment of a more permanent force, which superseded the former undisciplined levies, with difficulty collected, with still greater difficulty held together, and oftentimes more dangerous to the prince by whom they were embodied, than the enemy whom they were assembled to oppose.

During many ages, there existed nothing that bore any resemblance to a regular army. At this time, all estates, whether the property of laymen, or ecclesiastics, were bound to furnish a fixed contingent of men for a certain period. This varied considerably in different fiefs of the same value and extent; appears to have been determined on no established principle, and was, in truth, often decided by the relative strength of lord and vassal. The longest period of military duty was, according to constitutional usage, only forty days; but Saint Louis compelled his feudatories to two months service. This was doubled by Philip the Fair. Very severe punishments were held out against defaulters; and, in the thirteenth century, a refusal to join the royal standard was followed by a confiscation of the fief.

The mode of levying this force was as follows: On the monarch's publishing his ban, his feudatories, in their turn, summoned and collected their vassals; whom they either sent under the command of subordinate officers, or, if the constitution of their fief obliged them, conducted in person to the field. The knights bannerets brought the bachelors, squires, men at arms, and serjeants. These formed the cavalry. The counts and viscounts, on the other hand, led the militia of the cities and towns; and of these the infantry was principally composed. The title of banneret was confined to no parti-

cular rank, but was given to great landholders, whether dukes, marquises, earls, or barons, who were able to conduct under their banner a certain number of gentlemen, their immediate tenants. The bachelors (*bas chevaliers*) were the poorer knights, the squires, candidates for the order of knighthood, and the men at arms in the inferior class of gentry. The term serjeant, (in Latin *serviens*) originally signified one employed in the royal service, whether civil, military, or domestic. It was also applied to esquires, and valets of great lords. In the present instance, it seems to refer to those who were obliged to serve on horseback in the royal armies, as possessors of fiefs termed serjentries.—DUCANGE.

It was seldom that any very permanent advantage, whatever might be its first impression, could be reaped by an army so levied and composed. The constitution of this force was, however, in some degree amended by Louis the Gross, who materially strengthened the royal power, by taking from the nobles the charge of raising the militia, and placing it in the hands of municipal officers. But here ended the reform; for the king, finding it necessary to keep measures with these newly established authorities, did not venture to enlarge the constitutional period of service.

At length, towards the end of this century, the evil was again partially remedied, under the reign of Philip Augustus, by the enrolment of troops of adventurers alluded to in the text, composed of different nations, who, adopting warfare as a trade, offered their services to the highest bidder. The produce of certain additional imposts laid upon the people, combined with a wise and economical management of the royal revenues, enabled him to defray the charge of these mercenary levies.

But though much was gained by the establishment of a force, whose services were more valuable, in as much as they were more durable, and more dependent on the will of the sovereign than the constitutional levy, this was by no means an effectual remedy to the evils already noticed. These *condottieri* bore but a small proportion to the other troops, and were, indeed, neither so effectively mounted or armed as the feudal forces: For the mercenaries principally consisted of light horse and infantry, whilst the heavy cavalry, by whom the fortune of battles was, more especially amongst the French, usually decided, remained constituted as before. Add to this, that, though the services of these adventurers were to be insured by pay, they were exorbitant in their demands; and the soldiery of which they were composed, the refuse of Europe, became the scourge of the country under whose banners they were enrolled.

A refinement on the system of Philip Augustus was introduced by Philip the Fair, who purchased the aid of foreign troops from the sovereigns whom they served. But these also, as well as the "bands adventurous," consisted entirely of infantry, or light horse.

Things remained in this state till the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the knights bannerets, exhausted by the long and bloody wars between France and England, declared to Charles VII., that they were no longer able to furnish their customary contingent, and, in consequence, demanded a remission of the military service of their tenants. Charles accorded this petition, and, in their place, erected a body of independent companies,^a for the support of which

^a In French, *compagnies d'ordonnance*. This has been applied, in modern French, to free, or independent companies. I have therefore retained the corresponding idiom in our own language.

he imposed a specific tax upon the people. Thus, to a raw and undisciplined levy, was suddenly substituted a permanent force, at all times ready to strike, and equally well calculated to pursue the advantage which their state of readiness had enabled them to achieve; grafting on native valour the benefits of an habitual obedience to their leaders, and implicit devotion to their monarch, whom they naturally regarded as the fountain of honour and of wealth.

Charles had also other, and not less pleasing, causes for self-congratulation on the measures he had adopted. The barons could no longer threaten and coerce their sovereign, under the pretence of assembling their dependents for his defence; while the prince himself had a formidable force at his sole disposal, ready to repress their insolence, or circumscribe their ambition. The disuse, also, of the old constitutional force, destroyed all essential chivalric distinctions, and speedily dissolved all "the various links and nice dependencies" of the feudal system. Thus, that which the barons sought as a grace, became, in reality, a death-blow to their power; so true is the maxim, "that political innovations commonly produce many effects besides those that are intended; that the direct consequence is often the least important; and that incidental, remote, and unthought of evils, or advantages, frequently exceed the good that is designed, or the mischief that is foreseen."

Nevertheless, some traces of knight-service remained, for a great length of time, in France. The *ban*, and *arrière ban*, though disused, were not actually abolished. Vestiges of these, indeed, are to be found even in modern times. The *arrière ban* was convoqued by Louis XIV., with what success is univerally known; and, in the year 1755, the noblesse of the neighbouring provinces, on a British

squadron taking possession of the isle of Aix, marched to defend the coast from invasion.—LE GRAND, &c.

*By me she sends these rounceys stout, who bear
Large sums of gold, the sinews of the war.*—P. 25.

In the same manner, an ancient knight bears supplies to, and defrays the expences of, Sir Raymondin, husband to the Fairy Melusine, by her direction.—HISTOIRE DE MELUSINE.

————— *she falsely ween'd,
The child a thrall to some enamour'd fiend.*—P. 26.

The belief in Incubus's and Succubas was extremely prevalent during the middle ages, and, indeed, long outlived that æra. These dæmons were supposed sometimes to offer themselves, under the disguise of the night, and to depart without discovery; and sometimes to familiarize themselves with man or woman, for a length of time, under some borrowed shape. Wierus attributes the first belief to an obvious natural cause; (WIERUS *De Lamis*, Cap. XIII.); and the veil of mystery under which intrigue is often pursued, will perhaps resolve the second wonder.

The frequency of these misfortunes afforded a plausible pretence to great ladies, for discouraging the marriage of their sons with ladies of doubtful birth and connections. In the History of Emare,

The old quene spakke wordes unhende,
And sayde, "Sone, thys ys a fende,
" In this wordy wede.
" As thou lovest my blessinge,
" Make thou never this weddyngge,
" Cryst hit de forbede!"

RITSON'S *Metrical Romances*.

This belief seems to have been prevalent in Greece. Burton, in his *ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY*, tells the following story: He quotes from Philostratus *De Vita Apollonii*, a Sophist, born at Athens according to some, according to others at Lemnos, who went to Rome in the reign of the Emperor Severus, and was entertained in the service of his philosophic wife, Julia Severa.

“ Menippus Lycius, a young man, twenty-five years of age, going
“ betwixt Cheneas and Corinth, met a phantasm in the habit of a
“ fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him
“ home to her house in the suburbs of Corinth; and told him, she
“ was a Phœnician by birth, and, if he would tarry with her, he
“ should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any
“ drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and
“ lovely, would live and die with him that was fair and lovely to
“ behold.

“ The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able
“ to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her
“ awhile, to his great content, and at last married her; to whose
“ wedding, amongst other guests, came Appollonius, who, by some
“ probable conjecture, found her out to be *a serpent, a Lamia*; and
“ that all her furniture was, like Tantalus's gold, described by Ho-
“ mer, no substance, but mere illusion. When she saw herself des-
“ cended, she wept, and desired Appollonius to be silent; but he would
“ not be moved; and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was
“ in it, vanished in an instant. Many thousands took notice of this
“ fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece.”

Burton concludes a sort of summary of similar stories with the following melancholy observation of Lipsius, which he seems to think equally applicable to the times in which he wrote: “ One

“ thing I will add, that I suppose that, in no age past, I know not
 “ by what destiny of this unhappy time, have there ever appeared,
 “ or shewed themselves, so many lecherous devils, satyrs, and genii,
 “ as in this of ours, as appears by the daily narrations and judicial
 “ sentences upon record.”

————— *and she gave a fairy-philtre, &c.—P. 27.*

The effect of certain stimulating potions, as has been justly observed, evidently led to the superstitious belief in philtres and charms, of power to create an irresistible and lasting attachment. This has been a folly, not peculiar to the middle ages, but, till within the two last centuries, more or less the growth of every age and every clime. It is almost needless to say, that the celebrated loves of Tristram and La Belle Yseult sprung from this unfortunate source. Of such power was the *boire amoureuse*, of which they had participated, that the dog Hodain, who only licked the cup, partook of its inebriating influence, and became as faithfully attached to the lovers as they were unalterably devoted to one another.—SCOTT'S *Sir Tristram*, p. 293.

She spake, and at the name, like one aghast

He stared; the charm was broke, the witchery past.—P. 28.

There is certainly exquisite beauty in this incident. The name of the beloved object alone is sufficient to recall the perverted affections, and triumph over all the mysterious energies of magic.

There is an incident of a similar nature in TRESSAN'S *Corps d'Extraits*, &c. Gerard de Nevers, having staked his domains against another petty prince, on the fidelity of his mistress, is, through the false testimony of his adversary, at once stript of his dominions, and driven

to an unwilling conviction of the falsehood of his love. After some time, satisfied, through a singular accident, of the treachery of his opponent, he wanders, a miserable outcast, in search of his slandered lady. He is at length entertained in the service of a prince, whose favour he had deserved by many heroic actions. Charmed by his valour, his beauty, and his accomplishments, the daughter of his lord becomes enamoured of him, and spares neither promises, nor prayers, to persuade him to a requital of her flame. The knight, however, is impregnable to her attacks, till his better sense is perverted by a magic philtre. This, at once, sweeps away every trace of his former passion, and kindles an immediate and irresistible desire for the love-sick damsel. The lady takes advantage of this happy change; and the father, though not aware of a most material reason for hastening the arrangement, is prevailed upon by his daughter to consent to her immediate union with his vassal.

In the mean time, the count's innocent but abused mistress, after undergoing every species of wretchedness and mortification, had found a friend and protectress in the sister of a certain duke. It happened one day, that, as the princess and her companion were amusing themselves with comparing the merits of two birds, each the favourite of its respective mistress, the princess enlarged much on the superior beauty of her own, which was a gold-finch, over a sky-lark, the fondling of her friend; when the latter took a jewel-ring from her finger, the token of Gerard's affection, and, casting it over the lark's neck, declared she would render him more brilliant than his gaudy rival. At that instant, the bird, escaping from her grasp, flew away, and left the damsel inconsolable for her loss.

It happened sometime afterwards, that, as the count was hawking at small birds, for presents to his new mistress, his merlin took the

identical lark which had escaped from the hand of his first love. The sight of the well-known jewel instantly dissipated all the delusions of magic; and he, awakening as from a dream, recommenced his search. He at length discovers his mistress, in a situation, the most afflicting to a lover, arraigned as the supposed murderess of her friend. He speedily challenges her accuser, who, vanquished in the lists, himself pleads guilty to the crime with which he had treacherously charged another.

That nothing might be wanting to the happiness of the lovers, the count soon after conquers, in judicial combat, the first false accuser of his lady, convicts him of his treason, and is re-established in his hereditary domains.—*Extraits du Corps des Romans*, TRESSAN.

For an incident of a nature almost exactly similar, See SIR TRISTREM.

An adventure of the same kind also occurs in the Irish MS. romance of *Farravla*.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO SECOND.



R. Smith del.

C. Smith sculp.

PARTENOPEX BIDDIN'.

CANTO SECOND.

WHAT minstrel harps to king or bar n bold,
 Hath mantle for his meed, or marks of gold.
 I nathless, who to other boon aspire,
 And sing at damsel's biddin' for mine hire,

Not one sweet smile can win, or kind regard :
'Tis well, forsooth, love is its own reward ;
Since I none other guerdon hope to gain,
For all my waste of toil, and fruitless pain.
Of other mold was made that gentle may,
To whom the County pledged his ill-remember'd fay.

Him late I left, consumed with bitter cark
And self-remorse, on board the wonderous barque.
Safe harbour'd, once again the spirits moor
Their fairy charge ; he springs upon the shore.
The nuptial bow'r he sought ; the nightly spell
Wrought as before, the dying tapers fell.
'Twas silence all ; and from each hope downcast,
He fear'd his crime divulged, and sentence past ;
When, as it chanced of old, again the sound
Of a soft footfall echo'd on the ground ;
Again the fairy, fresh in youthful charms,
Sprang to the couch, and clipt him in her arms.

But soon the dame (for guilt is ill to hide
In generous breasts) his troubled cheer descried ;
And, with endearing sweetness, sought to know
The secret of his ill-dissembled woe.
Unpractised in deceit, the gentle youth
Strove not to varnish, or to wrest the truth.

“ Child,” cried the tender fay, “ thy fault is
light,
“ Nor reck I of thy king, or mother’s spite,
“ While, unperverted by their cruel art,
“ Yet turns to me thy fond, repentant heart.”

She ended ; and, in further sign of grace,
Seal’d his forgiveness with a fond embrace.
And quickly fled the night on gladsome wings ;
For, as an ancient rhymers quaintly sings,
Solace doth never wear so bright a cast,
As when its sweets succeed misliking past.

Yet, soon again a prey to secret grief,
He from his Melior's bounty pray'd relief.
“ Would she once more her subject spirits charge,
“ To waft to Gallia's coast the fairy barge,
“ As he but sought to soothe his friends' alarms,
“ No further lett should hold him from her arms.”

He said ; and for a while, in mute distress,
The fairy paused ; then thus :—“ Thy wish pos-
sess ;

“ I force not, I, thy stay ; yet, ah ! too well
“ The fruits of this ill-omen'd quest I spell.”

But he, now school'd by love, already taught
Tricks which that master teaches in a thought,
Closed her warm lips with many a balmy kiss,
Cleped her his light, his life, his only bliss ;
And, should he falter, bade her know, that worth
And truth were past, and love was none on earth.

Nought said the doleful damsel in reply ;
But, in the place of words, a deep-drawn sigh
Bespoke a deadly wound, beyond the reach
And salve of blandishment, or sugar'd speech.

'Tis certain, that the soul hath oft foretaste
Of matters, which beyond its ken are placed.
So mariners maintain, the yeasty seas
Will toss and tumble, as in strange disease,
While yet the rack doth neither come, nor go,
Big with strange mischief, ere the tempest blow.
Some haply might esteem such rare forethought
A painful privilege, too dearly bought.
Pardi, so should not I. Troth ! I for this
Should barter, in exchange, no present bliss.
With me the present hour's a blank ; I fare
Like one bewilder'd on some desert laire,
A prospect of unprofitable waste,
Within a cheerless horizon embraced.

Oh for a glimpse of what beyond is found !

Oh for an eye to pierce that liquid bound !

'Twas here the fay too well presaged ; and much
I grieve this portion of my tale to touch.

Again the barque by favouring wind was driven
To Gallia's coast : Short space to joy was given :
The revels past, again with surer aim
The countess wrought to quench the prince's flame.

For this, with lowly suit and prayer, she bends
A sage and holy prelate to her ends.

His homilies I cast not here to preach ;

Ill should I treat what he so well did teach.

Suffice, that, overborne, the boy believed

Some demon had his better sense deceived ;

And from his mother, after holy shrift,

Received, with duteous cheer, a sovereign gift ;

Which well, she said, might serve his doubts to clear,

And prove or sooth, or false, the prelate's fear.

It was a lamp, ywrought by fairy sleight,
So framed that nought might quench the wonder-
ous light.

Well school'd the child departs ; again afloat,
On Loire's clear bosom rode the fairy boat. .
He climbs the deck ; the vessel owns the breeze,
Snaps her light cords, and shoots athwart the seas.

Again his feet the fairy palace tread ;
Again with costly cates the board is spread.
Now half-repentant of his purposed deed,
Now trembling at the priest's remember'd rede,
He to the nuptial chamber wends his way,
And, couch'd within her bower, expects the fay.

Alas ! and she was witless, woe the while !
Of the false child's premeditated guile.
He, while the damsel to his bosom grew,
Wray'd with his better hand the lamp to view.

Struck with the beauties of a matchless face,
A masterpiece of loveliness and grace,
Back starts the boy, and, as he moves, the blaze
O'er her fair limbs and lovely figure plays.
Dishevell'd, all about her tresses hung,
And on each charm a softening shadow flung.
Meanwhile her eyes were closed, and not a streak
Of faint carnation tinged her faded cheek;
But bitterly she sobb'd, and frequent rose
Her bosom, as convulsed with cruel throes.

He with one arm her body did embrace,
And gazed, in silent anguish, on her face;
She hung upon that arm, like to a flower
Half cropt, or overcharged with summer shower:
Then loud he call'd upon her name, and press'd
The lifeless burden to his throbbing breast.
Long fruitless was his pain, till with a sigh
She heavily 'gan ope each drooping eye,

To face page 76



Sturges Jun. del.

Armstrong sc.

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And, for a little season, strove for breath,
Then sunk again, entranced in seeming death.

Again the boy his frantic plaint renew'd,
And to her lips of faded coral glued
His mouth, as he believed his kiss had might,
To breathe new life, or catch her fleeting sprite.
She starts upright; and her distemper'd gaze
A thousand passions strange at once displays;
Yet she within her breast that transport pent;
As one to sterner pitch of sufferance bent:
So paused awhile; then thus, with solemn air,
And features fixt in comfortless despair:

“ Disloyal boy! is this, thy foul misdeed,
“ Love's recompence? Is this my promised meed?
“ Fool that I was, my fate I had foreknown,
“ But that thy love I measured by mine own.
“ Yet have thine utmost wish! attend and know
“ The story of my shame, my sum of woe:

“ Sprung from imperial sires, whose high command

“ Stretch'd o'er Constantinople's subject land,

“ That heritage, as thine, I view'd with pride,

“ The princely portion of a loving bride.

“ This scene of all my pleasures and my pain

“ Is one poor lordship of that large domain.

“ It was my father's will, to see me versed

“ In secret arts, in early wisdom nursed.

“ His wish I well fulfill'd ; surpass'd in lore

“ My masters, and unlock'd the hidden door

“ Of mystic knowledge ; every herb I knew

“ Which sparkles to the sun, or drinks the dew.

“ Wide was my sovereign skill in physic blown,

“ And the sev'n sciences I made mine own.

“ Mine art, an I had list to loose my power,

“ Had sped through summerskies the frozen shower ;

“ Or strown amid the waste of wintry snows

“ The scented eglantine and blushing rose.

“ To this ; the spirits of air, earth, flood, and flame,
“ Heard my high hests, and trembled at my name.
“ Yet did I ne’er my fairy sleight employ,
“ Save at my father’s will, to work him joy ;
“ Or when, enamour’d, I thy chase possess’d,
“ And for thy love this fairy garden dress’d.
“ But thou” (and, as she spoke, her aching heart
Cast forth a deep-drawn sigh) “ hast marr’d mine
art :—

“ That art, which for thy sake I learn’d to prize,
“ No more shall screen thee from my subjects’ eyes.
“ This truth thyself shalt witness to thy scathe,
“ Like me a victim to thy broken faith.
“ Who tend upon my rising, shall in you
“ The spoiler of my virgin honour view.”

Sore sobb’d the boy ; she answer’d sigh for sigh.
So pass’d the night, till, in the farther sky,
First faintly peer’d the dawn of saffron hue,
And through the bower a glimmering twilight threw.

Then to her couch, as erst proclaim'd the fay,
Flock'd dames and damsels bright in rich array.
Ill may my verse depaint the strange surprize,
The rage that sparkled in those maidens' eyes;
And that,—the hardest to a wretch forlorn,
Nor yet inured to shame,—the freezing scorn
Of such, themselves by passion never tost,
Whose sleepy virtue little pain doth cost;
And, though it never swerved, for love, nor hate,
Did never prompt a deed was good or great.

Behind the courtly band, but not to blame,
To her dear Empress' bow'r Uraqua came.
Both the same womb to Grecian Milo bore,
By kindred blood conjoin'd, by friendship more.
To her her sister's loves from Ardenne's chase
Long since were known; advised of her disgrace,
She came; and at her beck the rest gave place.
Her looks in gentle tenderness were drest;
And first she clasp'd the mourner to her breast:

Then, ere the dame might give her sorrows way,
Thus, kind, prevents the self-accusing fay.

“ Know me, sweet sister, for thy loving friend,
“ Who fain this ill with counsel sage would mend.
“ Since to the world thy partial love is known,
“ Call its fair object boldly to thy throne ;
“ Nor let vain fears thy gentle bosom fill,
“ His worth shall bend thy vassals to thy will :
“ And, for I surely ween his mother’s art
“ Alone seduced his unsuspecting heart,
“ Well shall his future love the boon repay :
“ My life upon his truth and spotless fay !”

“ Ah ! sister mine,” replied the royal dame,
“ Plead not for yon base author of my shame.
“ Hence let him speed, nor e’er again be found
“ (Poor penance for his crime!) on Grecian ground.
“ Hence let him part !” she said, and call’d aloud,
And to her presence bade the attendant crowd.

These,—for the sun had crimson'd o'er the skies,—
Now gazed upon the boy with alter'd eyes;
And mark'd each youthful grace and manly limb,
Scarce shadow'd out before in twilight dim.
Beauty, howe'er the sex that truth gainsay,
Still o'er the female breast holds sovereign sway.
Each, from a judge a party-zealot grown,
Felt for the pair, and made the case their own.
But most (such is the way with woman-kind)
The county's trouble touch'd each gentle mind.
About the youth with ready zeal they press'd;
('Twas all they could) this bore his trews and vest;
This, fringed with hunter's gear, the girdle pass'd
Around the stripling's slender waist, and last
About his neck the horn of ivory cast.
This was the horn, and these the weeds, he wore,
(Now faded, and with mildew rusted o'er)
When in good time he miss'd his woodland prey,
And, spell-directed, found the blooming fay.

He speechless stood this while ; each sense was
lorn,
It seem'd, in grief, too mighty to be borne.

Uraque now late perceived the county's fate
Was fixt, the fay relentless in her hate.
Him from the bow'r with gentle force she drew,
And whisper'd hints of bliss, and hopes untrue.
Thence passing to the gates, they view'd a crowd
Of Melior's vassals, factious, fierce, and loud.
He wist not of his risque, or if at all,
Him might no scene of menaced death appal.
Not so the dame ; she, with superior grace,
Sign'd to the rebel lords to yield her place.
They, murmuring at her royal hest, made way,
And stern retired, as frustrate of their prey.

Forth fared the prince and maid ; his gallant
steed,
Fresh from the stall, a lusty groom did lead.

Fast by the haven side a barque was moor'd ;
The county with his palfrey pass'd on board ;
And, for she trembled for her hapless charge,
Uraqua with the child would climb the barge.

Quick from the shore the ready sailors cast
The cables, and uprear the cornel mast.
The cordage cracks, and, as the breezes sweep,
Swiftly the shallop skims the briny deep.

Upon the poop the county took his stand,
And gazed, in silent anguish, on the land,
By slow degrees still lessening from his sight,
Till the dim scene was lost in shadowy night.
Then on the deck his fever'd limbs he strews,
Regardless of the cold and sickly dews.
Straightway, there is such heaviness in woe,
He slumber'd ; but cold comfort thence did grow ;
For fancy brought the past again to view,
With circumstance of sorrow, strange and new.

Next, (for that mimic, as she still doth ply
Her random task with ever-roving eye,
Will often mar her web, then quickly piece,
With diverse dye, the party-colour'd fleece,)
He with his lief on mossy bank did sit,
In converse sweet and interchange of wit;
And it bethought him she, in amorous play,
His head upon her dainty lap did lay;
While music from about and underneath,
Such as earth owes not, did around them breathe.
He waked, and noise was none, save of the tide,
Soft rippling, as the barque did onward glide,
And of the creaking yards, which grated slow,
With melancholy murmur to and fro.

I not misrate the measure of his woes,
Who from his love a cheerless outcast goes;
Yet him kind nature's varied sweets some deal,
From that his soul-consuming care may steal.

The breeze, the bud, fresh-bursting into life,
The rivulet, with its pebbly banks at strife,
All, all, may to some sense, some charm convey,
And soothe awhile the wanderer on his way.
And when the garish lamp of day is out,
And the blue vault is set with stars about,
And pensive Philomel, that in the light
Sat mute, repeats her *Salve* to the night,
In rich and changeful descant,—though he borrow
Plaint of her plaint, and sorrow of her sorrow,
That vent of grief shall bring its own delight,
And soothe to softer tone his tortured sprite.

’Tis ill to choose betwixt; yet sorer pain
Is his, who, love-lorn, plows the watery main,—
The discord of the mutinous waves and wind
Shall speak no comfort to his troubled mind:
But he, as he still views on every side
The world of tumbling waters, drear and wide,

Shall needs lament, as one who cannot miss,
To think what gulph there is 'twixt him and bliss.

But to my tale ; a tedious space o'erpast,
The Grecian galley mounts the Seine at last.
The space 'twixt ship and shore the bridge be-
strides ;

O'er this a page the prince's palfrey guides.
Uraque herself, descending on the strand,
Embraced the child upon his native land ;
With tender cheer some words of comfort spoke,
Then from his circling arms, reluctant, broke.
The sailors, at her hest, their grapnel weigh,
And dash with equal strokes the scatter'd spray.

Wo was the child to hear the dame's command ;
But when he saw her vessel quit the land,
His heart within him died, chill damps o'erspread
His visage, and his vital spirits fled.

Again with labouring pangs his breath he drew,
And on the parting galley fixt his view ;
Again such anguish seiz'd his troubled sprite,
That the dim prospect swam before his sight.
So frequent ebb'd and flow'd life's crimson stream ;
Till now the western sun's departing beam
Was lost beyond the hills, and evening sad
Had in her dusky mantle all things clad ;
Then, weak and weary, in his sell he clombe.
Well could his horse the way, and slowly journey'd
home.

And now a warning blast the watchman blew ;
Nor wist he of his lord, how changed to view !
Ah ! how unlike the gallant child, who late
Prick'd his keen courser through that leaguer'd
gate,
To witch the world with chivalry ! whose brand
Blazed like a beacon to his following band ;

While oft the scatter'd paynims look'd behind,
Listening the victor's voice upon the wind ;
Who cheer'd his troops to follow them that fled,
And heap'd Blois' ravaged fields with mighty dead.

Sore sigh'd the ward-gate as the bolts he drew,
And back the hoarse-resounding portals threw.
Onward the county fared, and came at last
To his fair castle, and the draw-bridge pass'd ;
Nor stay'd his steed, but prick'd into the hall ;
Well might his semblance strange the guests ap-
pal !

Admiring at his garb and haggard look,
Him from his sell the knights attendant took :
But when his lady mother forward press'd,
To clasp the long-lost treasure to her breast,—

“ Hence, mother mine !” the frantic boy begun,
“ Hence ! once again I say. Some other son

“ It now behoves thee seek ; for me—that name,
“ Wreck’d by thy wily treason, I disclaim.”

He said ; and sought his bow’r, to vent apart
The anguish which oppress’d his bursting heart.
Now grovelling on the ground his limbs he spread,
And call’d down heav’n’s dire curses on his head ;
Now on his lady mother cast the blame ;
Now, wrought to phrenzy, on his sovereign dame
The license of his lawless speech had flung,
But truth and better reason tied his tongue.

Ah ! well was he that he forebore to blame !
Misfortune be his lot and worldly shame,
Nor, dying, let him taste of heavenly bliss,
Whoe’er of dame, or damsel speaks amiss !
And sure no gentle clerk did ever vex
With foul discourtesy the sovereign sex,
But churl, or villain, of degenerate mind,
Brutal and base, the scandal of his kind.

Yet, lordings, if there live a losel, poor
In worth, though haply school'd in learned lore—
Hath he in word, or thought, the dames reviled?
—To graceful learning though his tongue be filed,
Though poignant be his wit, and keen his rage,
Here, gallants, at his feet I cast my gage.
Your poet to the proof the carle defies,
And to his teeth maintains the recreant lies.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

Hath mantle for his meed.—P. 69.

The present of a dress was, in unrefined periods of society in Europe, as well as in the East, a favourite and obvious mark of distinction, or of regard. It is still considered as such amongst the Asiatics, and is to be recognized amongst the customs of the islanders of the South Seas, and the savages of America.

*Solace doth never wear so bright a cast,
As when its sweets succeed misliking past.—P. 71.*

Sweet is solas after mislykeing.

IWAIN AND GAWIN.

*It was a lamp ywrought by fairy sleight;
So framed, that nought might quench its wonderous light.—P. 75.*

The treatises on natural magic are full of directions for making inextinguishable torches and lamps. I select one: “*Imple cannam pulvere sulphureo et panniculo minutissimo fractis; deinde cerâ quicquid est investito, et incendito. Nullo flabello aut vento extinguetur.*”—*Magia Naturalis, Artificiosa, &c.*

As the wonders of every thing, which partakes of the marvellous, are usually exaggerated, these lamps and torches, which were possibly proof against wind and water, might, by a slight extension of

credulity, be supposed equally capable of resisting the power of time ; and hence, perhaps, the fiction of ever-burning lamps suspended in sepulchres.

*It was my father's will to see me versed
In secret arts, in early wisdom nursed.*—P. 78.

I have before had occasion to remark, how frequently skill in the occult sciences was attributed to the daughters of nobles and of kings. The same persuasion, originating probably in the same causes, appears to have prevailed in the East. In the story of the *Second Calender*, the Lady of Beauty, only child of a great sultan, is a most potent enchantress. The queen of a kingdom, in the story of *Prince Bedir of Persia*, possesses the same science, and operates a marvel exactly similar to one of those accomplished in the preceding story. In the same tale, figures the redoubtable Labe, by birth a queen, by profession a sorceress. These two characters are also united in the cousin and wife of *the King of the Black Isles*.—Arabian Nights.

—————*every herb I knew
Which sparkles to the sun, or drinks the dew.*—P. 78.

“ Some of the ancients, and likewise diverse of the modern writers, that have laboured in natural magic,” says Lord Bacon, “ have noted a sympathy between the sun, moon, and some principal stars, and certain herbs and plants ; and so they have denominated some herbs solar, and some lunar, and such like toys put in to great words. It is manifest, that there are some flowers that have respect to the sun in two kinds, the one by opening and shutting, and the other by bowing and inclining the head : For

“ marygolds, tulips, pimpernel, and indeed most flowers, do open
“ and spread their leaves abroad when the sun shineth serene and
“ fair, and again (in some part) close them, or gather them inward,
“ either towards night, or when the sky is overcast. Of this there
“ needeth no such solemn reason be assigned, as to say, that they re-
“ joice at the presence of the sun, and mourn the absence thereof;
“ for it is nothing else but a little loading of the leaves, and swelling
“ them at the bottom with the moisture of the air, whereas the dry
“ air doth extend them; and they make it a piece of the wonder,
“ that garden-clover will hide the stalk when the sun sheweth bright,
“ which is nothing but a full expansion of the leaves. For the bow-
“ ing and inclining the head, it is found in the great flower of the
“ sun, in marygolds, wart-wort, mallow-flowers, and others. The
“ cause is somewhat more obscure than the former, but I take it to
“ be no other, but that the part against which the sun beateth, wax-
“ eth more faint and flaccid in the stalk, and is thereby less able to
“ support the flower.”—*Natural History*, Cent. 5.

The knowledge of botany, in general, ranked high amongst the liberal sciences. Its estimation in the East is well known. In the story of *The King, his Son, his Concubine, and his Seven Viziers*, the young prince is sent to study under a certain sage. His education completed, he sets off for his father's court, and is met on the road by the grandees and servants of the realm, “ who place before him
“ a herb, that he may describe its genus and properties.”—*Scott's Arabic Tales*, &c.

Wide was my sovereign skill in physic blown.—P. 78.

Skill in medicine was a necessary accomplishment to Melior, as a damsel of illustrious birth, one of whose most imperative duties was

an attendance upon wounded knights, nor less so as a proficient in magic : The cure of all distempers, in the space of *seven* days, either by natural productions, characters, or by the instrumentality of the superior spirits, ranking first amongst the *seven* greater secrets of this art. It has been observed, that, “ in days of ignorance, when first
“ causes were entirely overlooked, and secondary frequently and wil-
“ fully misrepresented, the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or that wonderful
“ property of animated being, which enables it to conserve its own
“ existence, to repel injurious stimuli, and to restore its diseased
“ functions to the standard actions of health, contributed, perhaps,
“ more than any other circumstance whatever, to inspire the belief
“ in, and establish the reputation of, supernatural agency.” The same observation will, however, equally extend to other difficult attainments ; and, in the East, this is still the easy solution of every mystery in science or in art.

Even when the principles of science were more generally understood, its more secret springs were still attributed to the powerful energies of magic ; and hence the confusion of ideas respecting the communication of knowledge to men, partly through ordinary and natural channels, and partly through occult intelligences and the influence of the stars, which gave rise to the supposed union between medicine and judicial astrology.

When men had arrived at the point of at least disentangling their ideas on these subjects, and were agreed to ascribe things directly, either to natural, or preternatural agency, the term, magic, though not necessarily implying commerce, either with spirits or the heavenly bodies, still comprehended all liberal arts and intellectual accomplishments. The divisions of the science were then as follows : *Ma-*

gia mathematica et philosophica, magia dæmonaica, magia præstigitrix.

And the seven sciences I made mine own.—P. 78.

The magic of the middle ages seems evidently to have been derived from the Orientals. This supposition is founded, as well upon its connection with judicial astrology, as upon its divisions into *Magia Alba et Nigra*. The union between astrology and magic is observable in many of the Eastern tales which treat of preternatural agency; and, notwithstanding the more general belief, that the wizards of Asia wrought their marvels through the aid of the earthly intelligences, or subjects of Eblis (Satan), it is clear, that others were willing to ascribe their power to a purer source. Thus, in the *story of the Second Calender*, a princess, in performing an enchantment, repeats verses out of the Koran.

In shewing that similar ideas, as I have before hinted, prevailed in Europe, respecting the communication of marvellous powers through two distinct mediums, the one good, the other evil, we shall observe a singular agreement in some of the particulars, as well as the general principles of the belief which prevailed on these mysterious subjects, in both quarters of the world. Unlawful magic was, with us, supposed to be accomplished by express compact with the children of darkness; and the same bond of alliance is testified, by the authorities to which I have antecedently referred, to have been common between men and demons throughout the East. The lawful species of magic was, on the other hand, ascribed, in Europe, *to a converse with seven spirits, deputed to the government of the world by the Creator of all things, under his divine controul, and to be invoked only through him, and in his name.* We shall here, again, perceive

somewhat of coincidence between the creeds of Europe and of Asia. "The ancient Arabs," says Gibbon, in his *DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE*, "*adored the seven gods, or angels, who directed the course of the seven planets, and shed their irresistible influence upon the earth.*" A succeeding passage shews, that the most rational amongst the people, before the introduction of Islamism, acknowledged also *the existence of one supreme God.*^a There is again a resemblance in the mode of performing an enchantment, in the name of the Almighty. A queen and enchantress, in the *Arabian Nights*, in order to restore Prince Beder of Persia, transformed into a bird, to his natural shape, pronounces the following adjuration: "By virtue of these holy and mysterious words, which I have just pronounced, and *in the name of the Creator of heaven and earth, who raises the dead, and supports the universe*, quit that form of a bird, and reassume that which thou hast received from thy Creator."

But to leave this short parallel, I shall proceed to give an outline of the principles of this art, as delivered by the best authorities on the subject. To the spirits, before mentioned, supposed to be the vicegerents of the Most High, were subjected other inferior

Thrones, dominations, virtues, principedoms, pow'rs.

They were believed to reside in the planets, to rejoice in distinguishing characters or signs, and to be styled as follows: ARATRON, BETHOR, PHALEG, OCH, HAGITH, OPHIEL, and PHUL.^b These seven-

^a See SALE's Preliminary Dissertation.

^b These are Hebrew words, and proper names, apparently taken at random, and having nothing characteristic.

rally presided over matters supposed to be under the influence of SATURN, JOVE, MARS, SOL, VENUS, MERCURY, and LUNA.^b Their powers are thus defined: Each ruling spirit, with all his subordinate authorities, acts sometimes according to the accustomed course of nature, and sometimes according to his own pleasure, if not controlled by the Creator of all things. Whatever he, in the course of time, forms out of predisposed matter, he is able to effect instantaneously out of matter not predisposed. This is exemplified in OCH, who administers solar affairs. This spirit is a long time maturing gold in the mountains; he prepares it in less time by chemistry; in a moment by magic.

These spiritual intelligences were supposed to preside over the SEVEN SCIENCES alluded to in the text.

I. The first was the art of converting any animate or inanimate substance into any other animate or inanimate substance.

II. The second was the secret of transmuting treasures into coals, (*carbo pro thesauro*) and (what seems more desirable) coals into treasures.

III. The third gave Familiars with a definite power.

IV. The fourth contained the knowledge of alchymy and medicine.

V. The fifth conciliated the Pigmies; certain hairy men, says my text.

VI. The sixth rendered the proficient invisible.

VII. The seventh made the barren fruitful, and bestowed longevity.

^b The Japanese suppose seven spirits, from whom they derive their origin.

SEVEN appears to have been the favourite cabalistic number: For there were also supposed to be *seven* operative powers, *seven* preparatory rules, *seven* divisions, *seven* laws, *seven* precepts, *seven* greater, and *seven* lesser secrets of the art, and *seven* texts of Scripture which referred to and acknowledged it.^a

It may be remarked, that we read, in the *Arabian Nights*, of the *seventy* rules of magic.

Though the principles, on which lawful magic was built, were thus innocent, and though an exemplary life was deemed an indispensable title to the prosecution of the science, and one of the principal keys to the secrets and treasures which it contained, the writers on this subject treat it as a study replete with difficulty and danger. The third and fifth precepts of the art will best explain the nature of these perils.

A true and inspired (*divinus*) magician, says the third, governs all the creatures of God at his will; for the (spiritual) rulers of the world stand before him and perform his behests. But this is done through the Disposer of all things, as the sun stood still at the bidding of Joshua. To inferior magicians these send spirits, who obey them in

^a There appears, indeed, to have been, amongst almost all the ancient nations, a predilection in favour of seven, as a mysterious and significant number. The Jews, and from them the ancient Persians, and modern Mahometans, have affected it. The Greeks, also, in their seven liberal sciences, seven strings of the lyre, and seven pipes of the fistula, seem to have considered it as sacred or symbolical. "Some modern writers have hence endeavoured to discover somewhat that is peculiar in this number; and they have observed, that it is so combined of three and four, that the aggregate of the progressive numbers to seven, makes four times itself, and is thereby the director of time, according to the course of the two great luminaries, even as the moon finishes her course in four times seven days."—*Introduction to Philip Von Strahlenberg's Description of Russia*, p. 84.

predestined matters; but they hear not the false magicians, or delude them with demons, as God enjoineth, and cast them into peril.

According to the fifth, a true and inspired magician is he who is called into the art from his mother's womb. All others are unfortunate; and to these applies the saying of John the Baptist: "No one can take any thing unto himself, unless it be given him from above."

This art was, according to Arbatel, communicated to man, sometimes even unsought, through a variety of channels; often by spiritual intelligences in dreams, and often in open intercourse, face to face. This author gives directions for the erection of a figure or scheme, by which the nature, rank, and duties of the spirit to be invoked, may be ascertained. He then directs the magician to adjure him in faith and constancy; nor to doubt, but that he shall obtain that which he seeketh from God, who is the father of all spirits. To this, continues the same author, succeeds the characteristic mode, that is, an invocation through the virtue of some character or sign, peculiar to each preternatural intelligence in a planetary day and hour.—ARBATEL, *De Magia*.—*Magia Naturalis*, &c.

*Mine art, an I had list to loose my power,
Had sped through summer skies the frozen shower;
Or strown amid the waste of wintry snows
The scented eglantine and blushing rose.*—P. 78.

The reputed magicians or jugglers of the middle ages appear to have attained a marvellous degree of skill in this species of *prestige*. We read of a vision of a garden, flourishing in fruit and flowers, being shewn to the Emperor of Germany, during winter, by Cornelius Agrippa. His courtiers were allowed to apply their knives

to the bunches of grapes, which hung in the most tempting luxuriance, but were strictly prohibited from severing the fruit till a given signal from the necromancer. On this being exhibited, the fairy scene vanished, and each of the German lords was seen grasping his nose, in place of a bunch of grapes, with the fore-finger and thumb of his left hand, the right holding the knife, in readiness to cut. The story in Chaucer, of tricks of this nature performed by a clerk, has been quoted by Strutt, who supposes the magic lanthorn to have been the engine for working these apparent wonders. It should seem, however, that our ancestors were altogether better skilled in optical delusions than ourselves.

———*the spirits of air, earth, flood, and flame,*
Heard my high hests, and trembled at my name.—P. 79.

The third, amongst the seven greater secrets of magic, enabled the proficient in that science to hold the elementary spirits in subjection.

Yet did I ne'er my fairy sleight employ,
Save at my father's will, to work him joy.—P. 79.

Here Melior probably alludes to the exhibitions which I have observed upon in a preceding note.

The reluctance which she shews to the exercise of her art, does not necessarily imply any doubt of its innocence, but is founded on one of the most imperative precepts of magic. As we are enjoined, in common life, to use the gifts of fortune with moderation, so was it deemed incumbent, both on the professors of the occult sciences and of alchymy, as well from moral scruples as prudential motives, to observe equal temperance in the enjoyment of the powers these

sciences bestowed. All the works on lawful magic abound with exhortations of this nature; and, in one, the proficient is recommended to have particular consideration for the ease of the spirit invoked who, the author observes, is very much dissatisfied at being detained above an hour. This rule does not, however, extend to a familiar.

*That art, which for thy sake I learn'd to prize,
No more shall screen thee from my subjects' eyes.—P. 79.*

Two evils are the consequence of Partenopex's infringement of the promise he had given, to forbear from any attempt to view his mysterious love, till their *belle passion* should be sanctioned by the church. The first is, the destruction of Melior's fairy power; the second, the separation of the lovers. The latter consequence of his indiscretion is paralleled in many stories, both Eastern and European, and will form the subject of a subsequent note. The first incident appears to be perfectly original, though the principle of the fairy herself being severely punished, independently of the unhappiness she shared in common with her guilty lover, is recognized in the *History of Melusine*, between which and the present fable there exists a singular, though confused resemblance. I give a short account of the story which forms the groundwork of that celebrated romance.

The Fairy Pressine becomes enamoured of a king of Albany, (I suppose Scotland) and espouses him, on the condition of his never attempting to see her *pendant sa gesine*. She bears him three daughters at a birth; the first named Melusine, the second *Melior*, and the third Palatine. The king, forgetful of his compact, enters her apartment during the period of her accouchement; and the fay, after

reproaching him with his breach of promise, quits him for ever, and retires with her daughters into the isle of Avalon. These, arriving at years of discretion, are instructed in the disloyalty of their father, which they secretly determine to revenge. In pursuance of this resolution, they shut him up *dans la haute Montagne de Notheebelande*, (probably Northumberland) where he expires, after a long captivity. Though Pressine either could not, or would not, release him, she demeans herself, upon his death, with all the decorum befitting a widow of romance. She builds him a magnificent tomb, and stations the largest giant, that was to be had, for its defence. Nor is this all; she deemed herself bound to avenge, as well as to honour his memory, and thus passes sentence on the authors of his fate:

“ *Toy, Melusine, qui est la plus ancienne, et qui deusse estre la plus*
 “ *cognoissante, tout ce est venu par toy. Car je scay bien que ceste*
 “ *chartre a esté donnée par toy à ton pere; et pour ceste cause, tu en*
 “ *seras la premiere punie; car nonobstant la verité du germe de ton*
 “ *pere, toy et tes sœurs eust attrait avec soy, et eussiez en brief esté*
 “ *dehors des mains de l'aventure des Jamphes (perhaps Nymphes) et*
 “ *de faées, sans jamais y retourner; desormais je te donne le don que tu*
 “ *seras tous les samedis serpent depuis le nombril en bas; mais si tu*
 “ *trouve homme qui te vieulle prendre a espouse, et qu'il te promette que*
 “ *jamais le samedi ne te verra, ny le declarera à nulle personne, tu vi-*
 “ *ras ton cours naturel, et mourras comme femme naturelle; et de toy*
 “ *viendra moult noble et vaillante lignée qui sera grande et de haulte*
 “ *proïesse; et si d'aventure tu estois decelée de ton mary, tu retourner-*
 “ *as au tourment auquel tu estois paravant, et seras tousiours sans fin,*
 “ *jusquez à ce que le tres-hault juge tiendra son grand jugement, et tu*
 “ *apparoistras par trois iours devant la forteresse, que tu feras, et que*
 “ *tu nommeras de ton nom, quand elle va muer de seigneur; et aussi,*

“ quand un homme de ta lignée deura mourir. Et toy, Melior, je te
 “ donne en la grande Armenie un beau et riche chasteau, ou tu garde-
 “ ras un Esprevier jusques a ce que le redempteur tiendra son grand
 “ jugement ; et tous chevaliers de noble lignée qui y voudront aller veil-
 “ ler la surveille de la veille le vingtiesme iour de Juin, sans sommeiller,
 “ auront de toy un don de chose qu'on peut avoir corporellement, c'est
 “ à sçavoir des choses terriennes, sans demander ton corps ou ton amour
 “ pour mariage, ou autrement ; et tous ceux qui le voudront demander,
 “ sans eux deporter, seront infortunez jusques à la neuffiesme lignée, et
 “ seront dechassez de leurs prosperitez du tout en tout. Et toy, Pala-
 “ tine,—tu seras enclose dans la montagne de Guido à tout le thresor de
 “ ton pere, jusquez à ce qu'un chevalier viendra de nostre lignée, lequel
 “ aura tout le thresor, et s'en servira pour ayder à la conquete de la
 “ terre de permission et te delivrera de là.”

My readers will probably agree with me in opinion, that this story, or, at least, the tradition on which it is founded, was of an earlier date than the Romance of Partenopex, towards the formation of which it seems to have furnished some material hints.

*Hence let him speed! nor e'er again be found
 (Poor penance for his crime,) on Grecian ground.
 Hence let him part!—P. 81.*

This speech would, at first sight, lead to the belief, that the banishment of Partenopex was a voluntary act of Melior ; but the declaration which she makes at their first interview, of this being an unavoidable penalty of his crime should he attempt to see her, proves the separation to have been as much a matter of necessity as of choice. This breach of covenant, and consequent punishment too, is, as I have before observed, paralleled in many sto-

ries of a similar description. We have a precedent in Pressine's withdrawing herself from her husband, and in the separation of Raymond and Melusine, from a similar cause, in a romance quoted in the preceding note. In the history of *Huon de Bourdeaux*, we shall find also more than one instance to support, what I shall, I think, be able to prove, by a variety of corresponding fables, to have been a branch of almost general belief, namely, that when a superior being received a mortal into favour, a test of obedience was required, in the resistance of some species of temptation; that the temptation was usually not resisted, and that the penalty of such disobedience was a temporary, or (what was more rare) eternal banishment from the presence of the protecting spiritual intelligence. With a reference to this idea, See the *Lays of Sir Launval* and *Sir Gruelan*, WAY's *Fabliaux*. See also the story of the familiar spirit in FROIS-SART, &c. &c. &c.

In the story of one of the *Three Calenders*, in the ARABIAN NIGHTS, a prince is magnificently entertained by damsels in an enchanted castle. He revels with his fair companions in every species of enjoyment, and is successively admitted to their beds. One thing only is prohibited to him; this is, the opening of a certain door. He is, however, unable to resist the workings of his curiosity; he turns the forbidden key, and enters a stable, where he finds a black horse, richly caparisoned. He springs into the saddle, and strikes the animal with a switch, who, neighing horribly, displays an immense pair of wings, which had before escaped his observation, rises from the ground, and, after traversing an immense tract of air, descends upon a terrace. He here shakes his rider from the saddle, and, whisking out one of his eyes with a stroke

of his tail, leaves him to balance, at his leisure, the good and evil which he has lately experienced.

There is a story, also, which bears a strong resemblance to this tale, both in its commencement, which I do not quote, and the subsequent events of which it treats, in Scott's *Translations from the Arabic*. A young man, becoming master of a palace, unlocks a door opening into a dark passage, which he spends three hours in traversing, and at length arrives on the shore of the ocean. As he is about to return, a large bird seizes him in her talons, ascends into the air, and, after a long flight, drops him upon an uninhabited island. Having recovered from the terror created by so unusual a mode of conveyance, he looks about him, and at length perceives a distant sail. As it approaches nearer, he discovers it to be a boat constructed of ivory, ebony, and sandal, the oars of aloes wood, and the sails of silk, navigated by beautiful damsels, shining like moons. These transport him in their barque to a country, governed by a beautiful queen, whom he marries, and with whom he lives in all prosperity and honour. Here, however, is also a prohibited door. My readers will anticipate the nature of the catastrophe. The new king enters it, again finds himself in the gloomy passage, is again seized by the most vigilant eagle, and deposited on the very spot from which he had been originally conveyed. Here he lingers, for some time, in the vain hope of a second transfer to the kingdom he had forfeited. At length, during a restless slumber, he hears a voice exclaim, "Alas! alas! what is past cannot be recovered." He, from thenceforth, abandons hope, and wears out the remainder of his life in tears and lamentation.—SCOTT'S *Arabic and Persian Tales*, p. 116. See a story of the same description in the *Bahar Danush, or Tales of Inatulla*.

A story in the *Persian Tales* is also built on a similar fiction, and bears a stronger resemblance to the present romance than those I have hitherto had occasion to quote. A king is engaged in the pursuit of a beautiful hind, which he loses after a long and laborious chase. In lieu of the quarry, he is surprised by the appearance of a brilliant palace, to which he is welcomed by the Queen of the Genies. She marries him; but prescribes a singular, though very convenient, piece of forbearance, as the bond of their alliance. This was, that her conversation and actions, of whatsoever nature, should pass without comment; informing him, at the same time, that, according to the law of Ginnistan, a breach of this agreement must be punished by their eternal separation. Some actions of his wife, which appear more than equivocal, provoke the king to violate his promise. This is immediately followed by the departure of the queen. This story differs from the others in one essential particular. The king, after a long term of misery and repentance, is restored to the embraces of his fairy spouse.—*Persian and Turkish Tales.* ^a

^a See a curious fable of Grecian mythology, in the fourth book of Apollonius Rhodius. I subjoin a close translation of the passage alluded to. I should here recal to the reader's recollection, that the cause of offence given to Cheristany, was her husband's outcry at her casting their child (as it afterwards turned out, for very wise purposes) into the fire.

——— What time his bed,
 The young Achilles, cause of her mislike,
 She * left offended : she at lone midnight,
 With purifying flame, his body round
 Did burn, nor less by day his tender limbs
 'Nointed with juice ambrosial ; so the boy
 Had lived immortal, and unharmed by age.
 But he, † from bed forth leaping, when he view'd

* *Thetis.*

† *Peleus.*

The reader will have perceived more or less of resemblance, not only in the outline, but even in some of the particular features of most of these stories. We come now to the beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche, in the *Metamorphoseon* of Apuleius; which, though still more closely connected with Partenopex than any of the preceding tales, is given last, as most favourable to the conclusion I shall hereafter draw from this singular accumulation of analogous stories. I shall collate all the points of similitude, for the information of those who are only acquainted with the main incident of the fable. Psyche is borne, on the wings of zephyr, to the palace of her divine spouse. Partenopex is transported, in a self-navigated barque, before a favouring breeze, to the fairy mansion of Melior. In the account of this castle: "*Sous l'auvent de la porte il offrait une mosaïque,*" &c.;—and, in the description of Cupid's palace: "ENIMVERO PAVIMENTA IPSA, LAPIDE PRETIOSO CÆSIM DIMINUTO, IN VARIA GENERA PICTURÆ DISCRIMINANTUR." In the French romance: "*Ce lieu (c'est à dire Chedoire) renfermait dans ses murailles bois, moulins,*" &c. According to Apuleius: "MOX PROLECTANTE STUDIO PULCHERRIMÆ VISIONIS, MIRATUR (PSYCHE SCILICET) SINGULA, ET ALTRINSECUS ÆDIUM HORREA, SUBLIMI FABRICA PERFECTA, MAGNISQUE CONGESTA GAZIS CONSPICIT." In the account, also,

His child so struggling in the flame, sent forth
(Ah! senseless man,) a lamentable cry.
That heard, she to the ground her infant cast,
And likest to a wind or passing dream,
Forth flitted from the house, and to the sea
Betook her, nor to him returned more.

Argonauticon, Liber Quartus, line 867.

There is an incident of a similar nature in Homer's Hymn to Ceres.

of the reception of Psyche and Partenopex, and the banquets with which they are respectively entertained, there is the same singular resemblance. The prince finds a feast ready prepared; he wishes to wash, as was the custom formerly before meals, and an invisible hand pours out water for that purpose. Having performed his ablutions, he places himself in the seat of honour: "*Des qu'il est assis, un des plats vient se poser devant lui, puis un second, puis d'autres successivement, &c. Il en est de même des vins. Tout ce que l'univers a de meilleur en ce genre lui est présenté.*" Psyche, carried to Cupid's palace, after the use of the bath, finds, like Partenopex, preparations for a supper: "VISO STATIM PROXIMO SEMIROTUNDO SUGGESTU PROPTER, INSTRUMENTUM CÆNATORIUM RATA, REFECTUI SUO COMMODUM, LIBENS ACCUMBIT; ET ILLICO VINI NECTAREI EDULIORUMQUE VARIORUM FERCUA COPIOSA, NULLO SERVIENTE, SED TANTUM SPIRITU QUODAM IMPULSA SUBMINISTRANTUR." The reader will recollect the night adventure of Partenopex. In Apuleius: "FINITIS VOLUPTATIBUS, VESPERA SUADENTE, CONCEDIT PSYCHE CUBITUM. JAMQUE PROVECTA NOCTE, CLEMENS QUIDAM SONUS AURES EJUS ACCIDIT.—JAMQUE ADERAT IGNOBILIS MARITUS ET UXOREM SIBI PSYCHEN FECERAT, ET ANTE LUCIS EXORTUM PROPERE DISCESSERAT." In the French romance, Melior warns Partenopex, desirous of returning to his mother, and imploring transport in the fairy barque, against the consequences of the voyage, and the insinuations of his parent; and denounces their eternal separation, as I have before observed, as one of the penalties attending the breach of her commandment, should he attempt to see her. He answers with protestations of love and obedience, and she consents. In the Latin story: "TUNC ILLA PRECIBUS, ET DUM SE MORITURAM COMMINATUR, EXTORQUET A MARITO, CUPITIS AN-

"NUAT: UT SORORES VIDEAT, LUCTUS MULCEAT, ORA CONFERAT.—
 "SIC ILLE NOVÆ NUPTÆ PRECIBUS VENIAM TRIBUIT.—SED IDEN-
 "TIDEM MONUIT AC SÆPE TERRUIT, NE QUANDO SORORUM PERNI-
 "CIOSO CONSILIO SUASA, DE FORMA MARITI QUÆRAT; NEVE SE
 "SACRILEGA CURIOSITATE DE TANTO FORTUNARUM SUGGESTU PES-
 "SUM DEJICIAT, NEC SUUM POSTEA CONTINGAT AMPLEXUM. GRA-
 "TIAS EGIT MARITO. JAMQUE LÆTIOR ANIMO, 'SED PRIUS,' IN-
 "QUIT, 'CENTIES MORIAR, QUAM TUO ISTO DULCISSIMO CONNUBIO
 "CAREAM. AMO ENIM, ET EFFLICTIM TE, QUICUNQUE ES, DILIGO,
 "ATQUE UT MEUM SPIRITUM, NEC IPSI CUPIDINI COMPARO. SED
 "ISTUD ETIAM PRECIBUS MEIS, ORO, LARGIRE, ET ILLI TUO FAMU-
 "LO PRÆCIPE ZEPHYRO, SIMILI VECTURA, SORORES HIC MIHI SIS-
 "TAT."

In both stories, the lovers are seduced into disobedience by the false insinuations and advice of others; Psyche by her sisters, Partenopex by his mother. In both the conclusion is fortunate. Somewhat of resemblance may also, perhaps, be traced in the servitude of Psyche, and the captivity of Partenopex, in *Le Grand*; an incident which I did not think it necessary to preserve.^a

The allegory veiled in the Latin fable, which seems, however, to be of Oriental extraction, may afford a key to the various stories which I have in this place assembled. I shall, therefore, first give the observations of Bryant on this subject, and afterwards venture some suggestions which have sprung from a consideration of the tale in Apuleius, as well as a collation of the other stories to which it

^a There is a very beautiful Gaëlic tale, in which figure many of the leading incidents of this story, tricked out with much additional circumstance and machinery.

seems to have any striking degree of affinity. “ The most pleasing
 “ emblem among the Egyptians, was exhibited under the character
 “ of Psuche, $\Psi\upsilon\chi\eta$. This was, originally, no other than the Aurelia,
 “ or Butterfly ; but, in after times, was represented as a lovely female
 “ child, with the beautiful wings of that insect. The Aurelia, af-
 “ ter its first stage as an *eruca*, or worm, lies, for a season, in a
 “ manner dead, and is inclosed in a sort of coffin. In this state of
 “ darkness it remains all the winter ; but, at the return of spring, it
 “ bursts its bonds, and comes out with new life, and in the most
 “ beautiful attire. The Egyptians thought this a very proper pic-
 “ ture of the soul of man, and of the immortality to which it aspi-
 “ red. But they made it more particularly an emblem of Osiris,
 “ who, having been confined in an ark or coffin, and in a state of
 “ death, at last quitted his prison, and enjoyed a renewal of life.
 “ This circumstance of the second birth is continually described un-
 “ der the character of Psuche ; and, as the whole was owing to di-
 “ vine love, of which Eros was an emblem, we find this person of-
 “ ten introduced as a concomitant of Psuche. They are generally
 “ described as accidentally meeting and enjoying a pleasing inter-
 “ view, which is attended with embraces and salutes, and every
 “ mark of reconciliation and favour.”—*Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, Vol. II. p. 388.

Such are the observations of a writer, to whom few will deny the praise of learning and ingenuity, set off by the graces of a style at once simple and elegant. But it does not seem to require much learning, or great ingenuity, to develop more of secret meaning in the story of which he treats, than what he has suggested ; unless any conjecture of mine, on this point, may be considered as anticipated in the vague allusion cloaked in the preceding paragraph of this solution.

The fable of Apuleius, then, appears to me to contain also the story of the temptation of man, his transgression, fall, repentance, death, and subsequent reception into the favour of the Godhead, all, indeed, somewhat discoloured by poetic fiction. Psyche is admitted to a union with Eros, or Cupid, but prohibited from attempting to see him. She is induced, by the false suggestions of others, to infringe the command. The loss of the fellowship of the Godhead is the first penalty of her crime. She humbles herself, and repents, suffers much misery, and is forced to descend to the shades below; but is at length restored to the love of Cupid, and gifted with immortality. Is not every leading trait in the divine relation, before referred to, figured in this beautiful allegory? Compare, again, this part of sacred history with the story in the *Persian Tales*, we shall find a prohibition of a similar nature, a similar sort of transgression, punishment, penitence, and final reconciliation. We shall also see, with the occasional exception of the last incident, the same striking points of resemblance in the other stories, of which I have before given an analysis.^a

—————*they view'd a crowd*

Of Melior's vassals, factious, fierce, and loud.—P. 83.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, great veneration was undoubtedly paid to women; but a deviation from strict propriety of conduct seems to have been considered as a forfeiture of the bond of allegiance and respect. That refined and factitious sys-

^a See a very singular tradition respecting the creation, the cause of the divine favour being withdrawn from man, and the early ages of the world, among the Chepewyan Indians.—MACKENZIE'S *Journal of a Voyage through the North-West Continent of America*.

tem of gallantry, which inculcated the doctrine of respect and observance as due to the feminine character in the abstract, was, *in practice*, the growth of a later period of society.

The *principle* was, however, acknowledged, as will appear from a future note.

*And for she trembled for her hapless charge,
Uraqua with the child would climb the barge.—P. 84.*

The conduct of Uraqua upon this occasion, as well as that of Melior's damsels towards Partenopex,^a is to be referred rather to extreme simplicity, than to indelicacy of manners. Their assisting him to dress, might be paralleled by many instances drawn from contemporary memoirs and romances.

————— *though he borrow*
Plaint of her plaint, and sorrow of her sorrow.—P. 86.

————— *did borrow*
Plaint of my plaint, and sorrow of my sorrow.
DRUMMOND.

*But sure no gentle clerk did ever vex,
With foul discourtesy, the sovereign sex,
But churl, or villain, of degenerate mind,
Brutal and base, the scandal of his kind.—P. 90.*

This tirade against the calumniators of the sex, very much resembles the commencement of the *Fabliau* of *Constant du Hamel*, transla-

^a He must have been entirely without clothes, as both sexes slept naked during the middle ages. This custom still prevails amongst the lower classes of the people in Italy, and hence the vulgar English proverb of *going to my naked bed*.

ted by M. Le Grand: "*Je ne pardonne pas qu'on se moque des dames.*
" On doit toute sa vie les honorer et les servir et ne leur parler jamais
" que pour leur dire choses courtoises. Qui agit autrement est un vil-
" lain."

Clerk simply signified a man of letters; hence one of our kings is styled Henry Beauclerc.

Churl, or carle, and villain, were the lowest casts of society; the first holding land on condition of performing servile offices in husbandry; the last attached to the land as slaves: and hence, as Mr Ellis observes, these denominations were used "to signify any thing
 " of a character opposed to learning, courtesy, and knighthood."

In another *Fabliau*, the contrast between a knight, a clerk, and a villain, is illustrated by an incident sufficiently gross. A third by *Rutebeuf*, if not more delicate, has at least more humour. He sets out by predicating, as an acknowledged truth, that villains cannot be admitted into heaven; he then proceeds to establish an extension of this system of exclusion by a very singular anecdote:

A devil chanced to be near a peasant at the point of death. He conceived it impossible, that his soul should take its departure like that of a better man; so, reasoning from its base propensities, placed his *sac a chasse* at the least worthy channel of escape, and patiently waited the event. At this period, a happy crisis of flatulency relieved the tortured rustic. The imp, who thought all safe, drew the strings, and returned home well pleased with the produce of his hunt. He had scarcely, however, opened his bag, in order to exhibit its contents, when

" ——— li pez sailli about.

" All hell is in indignation. The devils

" ——— maudient l'ame au villain;

" Chapitre tindrent lendemain,

*" Et s'accordent à tel accord,
" Que jamais nus ame n'apport.
" Qui de vilain sera issue :
" Ne puet estre qu'elle ne pue."*

The *trouveur* concludes by lamenting the fate of the unfortunate villains, who, shut out from Paradise, have not even the alternative of hell.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO THIRD.



PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO THIRD.

IN Blois' wide courts no barded coursers neigh,
Nor knights, in hall, at chess or tables play ;
Nor to the lute, nor sytole's lustier sound,
Link'd with gay dames in frolic measures bound ;

For still what thing soe'er did smack of joy,
That wrought the love-lorn county sore annoy.
His hawks, that wont at quickest fowl to fly,
Moping and out of heart, are perch'd on high;
The steeds are fat with ease, and stabled all,
And listless, gnaw the crib, and grind against the
stall.

Twelve months the boy, within his chamber
mew'd,
All intercourse of friend and kin eschew'd.
One only wight he saw, and him his page:
Of paynim king begat, in tender age
To Christenty he journey'd, there to gain
Such nurture as beseem'd his noble strain;
In after time baptized with holy rite,
And by the count, his godsire, Aneel hight.

What food the county took, his hand did deal;
But coarse, and scant in substance, was the meal.

His cheeks, that whilom bloom'd like roses new,
Were faded to the pale and ashy hue ;
And still he smote his breast, and, in that strife,
Would call on God to reave his wretched life.

Wide through the realm the doleful bruit is blown,
Till the sad tidings reach Cleoner's throne ;
And, for the monarch ween'd that words had might,
To charm away the woe which clogg'd his sprite,
Troop'd from each creek and corner many a clerk,
Well fraught with ancient saws and science dark.
So will'd the king. And now, sans pause or stay,
These comforters have talk'd a live-long day ;
Yet maugre of their rede and musty lore,
Wax'd the sad boy more wayward than before.
So fares it, when the leech's hand doth sound
And search the bottom of some fester'd wound ;
Still as the surgeon plays his painful part,
Though tender be his touch, though quaint his art,
Yet doth the rankling sore but more severely smart.

Thus, in sad wise, weeks, months, and seasons
roll'd ;

When he, the page, of whom before I told,
So spake his lord : “ Listen, Sir Count, my lore ;
“ Long have I kept this wholesome saw in store ;
“ Not, 'tis confess'd, by self-experience bought,
“ Yet one full worldly-wise the secret taught.
“ He said : ‘ The day may come when thou shalt
 need,
“ My child, this plain but salutary rede ;
“ This,’ quoth the senior, ‘ for a truth receive,—
“ There is that may the cure of love achieve ;
“ Vicissitude of sports, of place, of clime.
“ Though strong, the malady shall yield with time.’
“ His recipe be thine ; if not the range
“ Of various travel work a happier change,
“ Prick thy good steed upon some gainful quest,
“ Or pluck thy faulchion forth, for dame distress.
“ Do this, so keep me heaven, as I no more
“ Will Mahound hence or Termagaunt adore !”

Awhile the County ponder'd ; then as bent
By what the page had proffer'd, spoke assent.
The sovereign office done, he bade to dight
Two steeds, well breathed, to bear them on their
flight.

Darkling they rode ; but, from the dawn of day
Till even-song, conceal'd in covert lay.
So still secure they journey'd, and at last,
In a fair hostel rest, the frontier past.
The varlet slept : The child, who from the first
Within his breast a further project nursed,
Pall'd not the fair occasion with delay,
But clombe upon his steed, and rode his way.

The page some time I leave, though he ere long
Perchance again may figure in the song.
Now turn we to the Count, who late bestrode
His horse, and to the holts of Ardenne rode.

'Twas ebbing light ; before him, on each side,
Stretch'd a huge waste of desert drear and wide.
There nothing throve was gladsome to the view ;
The wood was gnarry thorns, and stobbs of yew.
But past this champaign, far as eye could reach,
Rose a deep forest, black with shadowy beech ;
Within whose gloomy wilds were heard to bay
Fell pards and tigers, prowling for their prey ;
The screaming eagle clamour'd for her food,
And, hissing, from their dens forth swarm'd the serpent brood.

He not for that, pardie, his way forewent ;
The scene and season with his wild intent
Right well did sort ; nor balk'd he at the last,
As cravens use, the fate he had forecast.
For far he had not fared these woods among,
Ere a gaunt tiger from the thicket sprung.
Stiff stood the frightened horse ; but in his sell
Fearless the rider sat, when (strange to tell)

The sullen beast, with half-averted eye,
Glared fiercely on the child, and pass'd him by.

Then ween'd the boy, his courser might affray
The famish'd monster from his proffer'd prey,
So lighted down, and on a mossy bank,
O'ercanopied with trees, exhausted, sank.
But scanty had his hand the rein released,
Ere on the lighten'd palfrey leapt the beast,
And, couch'd upon his reeking shoulders, tore
The sinews, and assay'd his fangs in gore.
Loud shriek'd the horse, and, with a furious bound,
Launch'd forth, and shook the salvage to the ground;
And endlong fled through busket, brake, or lair,
And toss'd his head, and yerk'd his heels in air;
Till, twice two furlongs past, he, breathless, stood
On the broad margin of the briny flood.
There neigh'd so sharp and shrill, the rocks around
And winding shores rebellow'd to the sound.

It chanced that time a galliot pass'd, which bore
A youthful princess to her native shore :
Safe from the shelves, an aged wight did guide
The damsel's pinnance through the roaring tide.

To her the sire ; " I wot, yon horse doth 'long
" To one, bewilder'd these waste woods among.
" Haste, let us land ; and timely be our aid,
" To snatch the wretch from yon disastrous shade !
" Nor fear the assay : I have a charm, of might
" To freeze the lion's blood, or daze the lynx's sight."

He spoke ; and to the shore the pinnance sped ;
They moor, and through the mazy forest tread.
'Twas as the seer had said ; the salvage race,
Low cowering at the potent spell, gave place.

Meanwhile the senior mark'd where new-spilt gore
(Bad omen of their search,) had stain'd the shore ;

This backward traced, now served their steps to lead
To where the County loosed his hapless steed.
Arrived, they saw, outstretch'd upon the lair,
A wight all woe-begone, o'ergrown with hair.

Uraqua first ; “ For love of Jesus mild,
“ Say whence ; and wherefore in this sylvan wild ?
“ So may God mend whatever is amiss,
“ And through my ministry restore thee bliss !”

To her in feeble tone the wretch replied,
And wish'd all joy, that was to him denied :
But will'd her, for his woes drew near an end,
To make not with those ills she might not mend.

He said and sobb'd aloud. To him the dame ;
“ Since not my sex may fairer reverence claim,
“ Nor win thee, as I fain would speed, to live,
“ And take such solace meet as I can give,

“ Learn of what high estate, how greatly born
“ Her, whose solicitude you rudely scorn ;
“ Own sister to the dame, whose puissant sway
“ The many-languaged tribes of Greece obey.”

She ended : at that name chill dew's o'erspread
His visage, and his vital spirits fled.
Strait to his face a menial bore his light,—
Loud shriek'd the damsel at that piteous sight !
She in those features wan, though sore defaced,
The likeness of the lovelorn child retraced.
But the good sire, who felt life's pulses beat,
And the worn frame yet warm with genial heat,
Spoke the glad truth, and bade the attendants bear
The body to the neighbouring barque with care.

I will not tell what herbs that ancient dealt,
What characters, what sovereign charms he spelt :
Suffice, the boy, somedea! revived, they bore
A-shipboard, and then loosening from the shore,

Again o'erpast a tedious distance, land
Fast by a fortress on the Grecian strand.

Salence that fief was hight. There, for the dame
A maiden stay'd, Parseis was her name.
Back'd by her friendly aid, 'twas now, with art,
She cast her to complete the leech's part;
To soothe those pangs his salves had fail'd to right,
And pour the balm of comfort on his sprite.
Letters, for this, she forged from her so dear,
The better the desponding boy to cheer;
And pastimes quaint devised, which youth delight,
Chess, tables, and the crafty juggler's sleight,
The chase by day, and minstrelsy by night.
How well upon the Count such cordials wrought,
Lovers may guess, by like experience taught.

Haply this leech, while so she proved her skill,
Might catch some portion of her patient's ill.

To waste with such a youth, aye side by side,
In fellowship of feast, noon's jocund tide;
From the same dish to feed, from the same cup,
In sweet exchange, the rosy wine to sup;
And still, when nature, prank'd in trim attire,
Through air and earth and flood breathes new desire,
And the small fowl, they cannot choose but sing,
Through lustyhood of heart, and joy of spring;
With such a boy to sport in green-wood shade!
—'Twere perilous, in sooth, to coldest maid.

Yet might the damsel know not, all unskill'd
Of love, what flame within her bosom thrill'd;
Or if she better wist, as is the way,
To cheat her conscience, feign'd some new delay,
Though oft that conscience bade from peril hie,
Fearful to stay, yet impotent to fly.
So pass'd three months; and, in that little space,
Waxed the child in health and youthful grace;

His eyes again their wonted language speak,
And health's rich crimson mantled in his cheek,

And now, the boy besought Uraqua sore
(So, often had he made his suit before)
To plead his passion with the royal dame,
And further, as she might, his constant flame.
And, ever as he sued, with him combined,
Her voice to his the young Parseis join'd.
O'erborne the princess yields, and bids that may
With her to wend, the partner of her way.

'Tis said, the damsel well enforced the truth,
How solitude but ill accords with youth;
And ween'd the love-lorn boy, in lone retreat,
Might haply pine for lack of converse sweet.
Yet all might nothing stead; come weal or
woe,

Parforce she with the royal dame must go,

Damsels, if ye sweet Uraque's truth mistrust,
Know this, the foul suspicion is unjust.
Too gentle, though perchance to passion prone,
To wreck another's bliss to work her own.
With honest zeal, though sore it irk'd her heart,
As best might serve the child, she cast her part.
So, after sweet salutes too long to tell,
But fitting sisters twain who loved so well,
She plain'd in Melior's ear, with faltering breath,
Partenopex upon the verge of death.
Wo was the dame; but quaintly feign'd a part,
Strange to the native temper of her heart.

‘ Her youth, her love might hold her well excused,
‘ If once that boy her easy faith abused.’—
“ His was the crime,” she said, “ the mickle blame
“ Be mine, if he again my passion shame.”

“ ’Tis well,” in brief, Uraqua made reply,
“ Mine was a cunning tale thy truth to try ;

“ But sure such caution was bestow’d in vain ;
“ Mark now the truth, thy hate hath crazed his
brain.”

She said : strange passion seized the moody fay,
And thrice, her wiles foregone, she swoon’d away.
But she, the sister, when her tale so wrought,
To wray the falsehood half-repentant thought :
Yet paused, for that she ween’d the dame might be
Thenceforth more harden’d in her cruelty.

There be who think, and haply guess aright,
With policy was mixt some little spite ;
Unpraised by me. God, when he made this ball,
Some blessing, or defence, conferr’d on all ;
Tusks on the boar who haunts the woodland brake,
Wings on the fowl, and venom on the snake,
Strength on the bull, and swiftness on the hare ;
But on sweet woman, as his worthier care,

A melting heart, alive to others' woe,
The last best gift his bounty could bestow.

'Tis this, fair as ye are, and fraught with grace,
'Tis this, more than a shape, more than a face,
Than lovely limbs in nice proportion hung,
Or quickest wit that e'er inform'd the tongue ;
'Tis this, of every gift and grace ye boast,
'Tis this, your best perfection, likes me most.
And sure, who doth this matchless charm forego,
Who builds her joy, unblest, on others' woe ;
Or fails to deal the sovereign bliss she might,
—She certes against nature sins outright,
And has heaven's first commandment at despite.

But from these dames I turn, and, as before,
What sorts not with my humour hurry o'er.
Some here may think that I my subject wrong ;
Passion best suits, 'tis said, the poet's song ;

And scenes of plaintive woe, when touch'd with art,
Speak the best language to the feeling heart.
Yet is it harder, gentles all, I wiss,
To touch the strings of grief than those of bliss.
Who strives at this, must well accord his measure ;
Sorrow indeed, chastised, is held a pleasure,
But, overstrain'd, the nicer sense offends,
And, like a broken spell, the sweet illusion ends.

Self too may mix in this conceit, and I,
Who in this glass my own sad fortune spy,
Fear, while of others' woes I make my moan,
To wake the sad remembrance of mine own.
But pass we this. Now will I backward tread,
And spin from where of late I snapt my thread.

I left where Uraque to a tale untrue
Of the child's ill her sister's credence drew.
He, sore aggrieved at her long delay,
Yet hoped fair tidings from that friendly may ;

And as one morn his wayward fancy led,
Hopeless of rest, upstarted from his bed ;
So back'd his horse ; when, borne on palfrey gray,
He view'd a page come posting on the way.
A messenger, succinct for better speed,
He seem'd, and often spurr'd his jaded steed.

Of Uraque's train, he news of high import
Bore, at her bidding, from the Grecian court.
How Melior's barons cast their liege to wed,
And sought a worthy partner of her bed.
He, was he king, or knight, who best should wield
The sword, or curtall axe in listed field,—
He, victor in the just, should have to wife
That gracious dame, the guerdon of the strife.
Ere that a troop of squires of gentle race
Would challenge at her hands fair knighthood's grace.
Hence, swiftly to Chedore his lady gay
Will'd him in borrow'd shape to wend his way.

Hence was he task'd upon his steps to wait,
And furnish forth a train of princely state.

He, for their freight, hath found for gold and fee,
A gallant barque ; but they upon the sea
Three leagues had scanty sail'd, when, piping loud,
The hollow wind 'gan sing in either shroud,
And trooping from the south, with troubled cry,
A cloud of sea-fowl wheel'd about the sky.
Behind, the deafening tempest raved amain,
And in one ceaseless deluge drove the rain.
Cracks every cord ; mast, yard, and bowsprit
springs,

And the stunn'd vessel whirls in giddy rings ;
Now shoots an end, now broaching to, her side
Yields to the tempest, and admits the tide.
One doleful day and one more dismal night,
The weather-beaten galley drove outright ;
But with the second morning clear'd the sky,
And shew'd a friendly shore, and harbour nigh.

Thither they steer, there ship their oars, and last
In the firm sand the crooked grapnel cast.

Here learn'd he that a town, which crown'd the
bay,
Scarce distant from Chedore two journeys lay.
The Count, for store of besants, bought a steed,
Was wighty and well-breath'd, and good at need ;
And for the page a nag, sans spur or rod,
Would amble as upon the winds he trod.

So riding, they o'ertake an errant knight,
Well horsed, and large of limb, Sir Gaudwin hight.
He nor of castle nor of land was lord ;
Houseless, he reap'd the harvest of the sword ;
And now, not more on fame than profit bent,
Rode with blithe heart unto the tournament.
For cowardice—he held it deadly sin ;
And sure his mind and bearing were akin,
The face an index to the soul within.

It seem'd that he (such pomp his train bewray'd)
Had shaped a goodly fortune by his blade.
His knaves were, point device, in livery dight,
With sumpter-nags, and tents for shelter in the
night.

He, for he saw the boy was ill bested,
Proffer'd fair harbourage of board and bed ;
And, 'mid their social cups, soon learn'd the scope
Of his mischances past, and present hope.
For wine unlocks the heart, and, sooth to say,
Quick friendship springs from fellowship of way.

It was the second noon, and, far before,
Rose to their view the ramparts of Chedore.
And now so nigh they came, that they might see
The walls and windows throng'd with bravery.
The sea was on the castle's further side,
And loud upon the shingle lash'd the tide ;

There gilded shallops rode, with silken sail,
With mariners, with shout of 'how and hail !'
Upon the spacious field, without the gates,
Camp'd feudatory lords and great estates.
Here lusty gallants prick'd across the plain ;
There bawling gamesters threw the merry main ;
Here their quaint art the shifting jugglers ply,
And there in frolic strife the jesters vie.
Still from the crowd a busy hum upwent,
Loud laughter, and the sound of merriment ;
Shrill minstrels pipe, and barded coursers neigh,
Drums thunder, trumpets flourish, ban-dogs bay.

Short space was given that gallant show to view,
Ere night upon the scene her curtain drew ;
Then to the castle (such Uraqua's hest)
The County, with her page, his steps address'd.
Him the boon damsel to a distant tower
Led darkling, and lock'd fast in secret bower.

There he with beating heart the moments told,
Till down the sky the westering shadows roll'd.
Then, don'd the knightly helm, the ventail laced
And his young limbs in twisted mail incased,
O'erjoy'd, he mingles with the youthful band,
Suitors for knighthood at his Melior's hand.

She on a throne of ivory sate ; a vest,
Of cloth of scarlet, her light form compress'd :
From Heatheness was fetch'd the precious stuff ;
With orfrays wrought the collar and the cuff ;
Of ruby were the buttons, and the hasp,
Beneath her dainty chin the robe to clasp ;
Her arms, which lovely shew'd through finest smock,
Bracelets of pearl and diamond did inlock ;
And, o'er her snowy shoulders quaintly flung,
(This too was rough with gold,) a mantle hung :
Well lined it was with ermine white within,
And border'd with the marten's chesnut skin.

Yet sure, beneath that pomp, her cheer confess'd
Some deep and inward sorrow, scarce suppress.

But for the child—so wrought upon his sprite
The vision of that damsel passing bright,
He, but for Uraque's care, who, close at hand,
Each motion of his eyes and gesture scann'd,
Had pierced the crowd, reckless of time and place,
And prostrate at her feet had sued for grace.

I, simple as I am, were she I prize,
And cheer above the apple of mine eyes—
Were she to motion me with look or hand,
—Did I in Mary's blessed bosom stand,—
Parfay for her I'd leave the saints above ;
So witching are her ways, so wonder sweet her
love.

Laugh'd dame and damsel gay, and page, to see
The boy so lost in amorous extacy ;

Laugh'd youthful knight and squire ; from tongue
to tongue

Was many a scornful jibe in whisper flung.

Not so the dame ; to 'scape his glances hot
And troubled guise—albe she knew him not—
She, stepping from her throne, first of that band,
Loos'd from his neck the broider'd belt and brand ;
And, while all lost and wilder'd was his sprite,
Begirt him with the sword, and dubb'd him knight.
Ah ! little wist that bonnibell, around
Whose cherish'd form the knightly steel she bound ;
Yet certes she let 'scape one piteous sigh,—
Or was it chance, or secret sympathy !

END OF CANTO THIRD.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

——— *no more*

Will Mahound hence or Termagaunt adore.—P. 122.

“*Termagaunt*,” says Dr Percy, “is a name given in the old romances to a god of the Saracens; in which he is constantly linked with *Mahound*, or Mahomet.” The origin of this name, which, from the supposed character of the deity distinguished by it, afterwards came to signify a violent or turbulent person, has not been very satisfactorily traced. It is, however, very certain, that the Saracens themselves knew nothing of him. But the ignorance of foreign manners, which characterized our ancestors, and the generous contempt in which they held infidels of every description, prevented them from making very nice observations on the creeds of their unbelieving adversaries.

——— *and to the holts of Ardenne rode.—P. 123.*

Here we have again the forest of Ardenne, the favourite scene of romantic adventure. “This tract of wood,” says Sir William Temple, “in Charlemaign’s time, extended as high as Aix, and the rough country some miles beyond it; and was commonly used by that emperor for his hunting. This appears by the antient records of

“ that city, which attribute the discovery, or at least the retrieving
 “ the knowledge of these hot baths, to the fortune of that prince,
 “ while he was hunting: For his horse, poching one of his legs into
 “ some hollow ground, made way for the smoking water to break
 “ out, and gave occasion for the emperor’s building that city, and
 “ making it his usual seat, and the place of coronation for the fol-
 “ lowing emperors.”

The name of *Ardenne* is derived from the British words, *Ar*, great, and *Denne*, a forest. Hence our *Arden*, and *Denny Walk*, in the New Forest, and probably the forest of *Dean*. BULLET’S *Memoire sur la Langue Celtique*.

——— *when (strange to tell)*

The sullen beast, with half-averted eye,

Glared fiercely on the child, and pass’d him by.—Pp. 124, 125.

Here we shall find somewhat of resemblance to another incident in the tale of Apuleius. Psyche, distracted with grief at the loss of Cupid, seeks the first opportunity of ending her woes by a voluntary death. “ *Per proximi fluminis marginem præcipitem sese dedit. Sed mitis fluvius, in honorem Dei scilicet, qui et ipsas aquas urere consuevit, metuens sibi, confestim eam innoxio volumine super ripam florentem herbis exposuit.*”—APULEII *Metamorphoseon*, Liber V.

——— *I have a charm of might,*

To freeze the lion’s blood, or daze the lynx’s sight.—P. 126.

In the fabliau of *The Mule without a Bridle*, translated by Mr Way, the hoof of that animal has the power of repulsing all the monsters

of the forest. A belief in charms, which could subdue the rage of wild beasts and noxious reptiles, seems to have been, and is indeed at present, common to many different nations. Pliny, amongst the Romans, recommends an unction of cock-broth, (such is the singular correspondence between his senses,) as a certain preservative against the attacks of a lion. Leo, in his history of Africa, exposes a still more singular secret, by which a woman may put this 'most delicate monster' to a discomfiture. I cannot give the words of that explicit Moor: It is enough to say, that his recipe may, literally speaking, be termed an appeal *ad verecundiam*. The reader will also recollect the virtues of the signet of Solomon in the *Persian Tales*, which preserves the Prince Seyf el Mouluk from certain ferocious animals resembling ants, but as large as tygers. Chardin observes, that he has seen jugglers suffer serpents to entwine themselves about them, without sustaining any injury; while the effect of the bite of those reptiles upon animals exposed to their fury proved, beyond a doubt, that they were not divested of the power of mischief: and I might extract a curious passage from Grose's Travels, in confirmation of the belief respecting the incantation of snakes, recognised in classical writings, and more than once alluded to in Scripture.

Those who have seen the discipline to which rats and bees have been reduced, will probably not withhold their assent from these assertions. Nor is the mode of taming vicious horses, lately practised by an Irish smith, (a fact witnessed by persons of high rank and reputation,) less marvellous. This man, at a race in Ireland, professed to reduce an animal to obedience, which had hitherto been perfectly unmanageable. He was for a short time shut up with

him in a stable. What passed on the occasion is not known. The result was, that the horse proved not only disciplined to all useful purposes, but after receiving a whisper, (for it was thus he pretended to convey his commands,) for the first time, performed a variety of tricks, with the utmost readiness and docility. The man professed his intention of communicating his secret; but he died suddenly, and the wonder is yet unexplained.

From the same dish to feed, &c.—P. 130.

A piece of gallantry frequent in the old fabliaux and romances. See the story of *The Hermit and the Provost*, in LE GRAND, &c. &c.

The Count, for store of besants, &c.—P. 138.

The besant, or bysant, was a gold coin issued by the Greek emperors, and said to have been so called from Byzantium, the ancient name of Constantinople. D'Herbelot deduces its etymology from the Arabian *beizat-zer*, (golden egg,) and says, that the Saracens called by this name a Persian coin in the form of an egg, which they introduced into circulation in Asia. The word frequently occurs in the *Fabliaux*; and it appears from some of them, either that the bysant was current in France, and introduced there by the crusades, or that the name was indifferently applied to all sorts of gold coin. From a passage in Joinville it appears, that the bysant was valued in his time at about ten sous, which were nearly equal to ten livres of the present day. See ELLIS's *Notes* to WAY's *Fabliaux*.

*And now not more on fame than profit bent,
Rode with blithe heart unto the tournament.—P. 138.*

A numerous class of poor knights derived their whole means of subsistence from tournaments. In one of Barbasan's fabliaux we have a bachelor of this description :

*" Il n'avoit ne vignes ne terres.
" En tournoiement, et en guerres
" Estoit trestoute son atendance.
" Il savoit bien ferir de lance ;
" Hardis estoit et combatans,
" En grans besoingnes embatans :
" Mais li tornoi sont deffendu.
" Tout a mangié et dispendu."*
Vol. III. p. 96.

*" Field or vineyard had he not ;
" He by war his living got.
" He could just, and breast a steed,
" Stout of heart, and good at need.
" But his substance was expended,
" And tilts and tourneys are defended."*

The observation contained in the last line but one, probably alludes to one of the many edicts of councils, by which tournaments were prohibited. Pope Eugenius the Second, says the author of a prefatory advertisement to the *Histoire de Jehan de Saintrè*, excommunicated those who appeared at jousts, and interdicted them the privilege of sepulture in holy ground. This sentence was frequently

repeated, but never produced any permanent effect; the policy of sovereigns, the gallantry and ambition of the richer, and the interest of the poorer classes of chivalry, all uniting to support these schools of war against ecclesiastical censure.

There gilded shallops rode with silken sail.—P. 140.

The extravagant decoration of vessels was a piece of ostentatious splendour not unfrequent in the middle ages. The progress of luxury amongst nations is nearly uniform. It begins in those amusements and pursuits, which are most peculiar to a barbarous state of manners. Hence it is principally exhibited in the equipage of war, and of the chace. According to the growth of refinement, it is afterwards displayed in modes more congenial to the change of character which society has assumed. Mr Leyden, in his Preliminary Dissertation to the *Complaynte of Scotland*, p. 115, has collected some curious details upon the subject of ancient naval magnificence.

With mariners with shout of 'how and hail!'—P. 140.

In the *Morte Arthur*:—"Whereas were many ships, and mariners' "noyse with *hale and how!*"

"Takand their cours with mony a *how and hail!*"

Ballad of Impossibilites, MS.

With orfrays wrought the collar and the cuff.—P. 141.

The French word *Orfroy*, derived from the Latin word *Aurifrigium*, seems, according to its composition, to have at first signified gold embroidery, or fringe. It is, however, indifferently used for every species of ornamental needle-work.

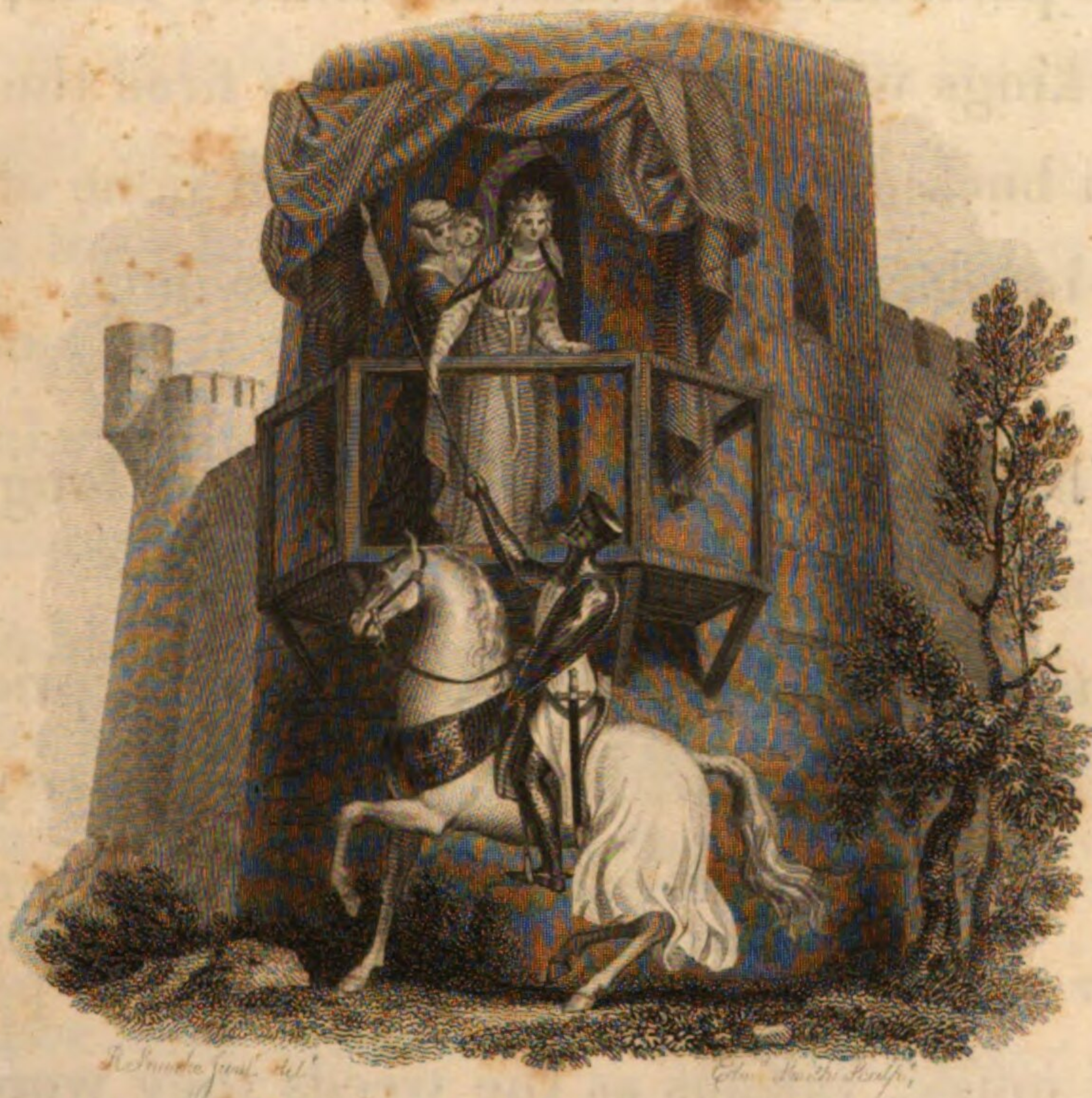
Loosed from his neck the broider'd belt and brand.—P. 143.

The candidate for the order of knighthood appeared first at the altar, his sword attached to his neck. The priest received and blessed the weapon, which he returned to the novice, who afterwards presented himself before the person who was to dub him, with the weapon suspended as before.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO FOURTH.

U



PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO FOURTH

THE sun had clombe the sky, and drunk the dew
When merrily to field the bugles blew ;
And trooping fast from camp or castle round,
(So swarm the mustering gnats with drowsy sound,)

Rode paladins and dukes of princely mein,
And kings whose tissued housings fired the green ;
With bucklers wrought about with bone of Ind,
And banderols that rattled in the wind.

What knights of worship came were long to tell,
Grecian or Gaul, baptised or infidel.
Yet may I briefly touch their steeds of price,
And banners gay with many a rich device ;
How some the mace, and some the faulchion whirl,
Their reins encrusted o'er with shell and pearl ;
How music, various as the weeds they wore,
Blew, loud and long, the jolly troops before ;
How strove the trumpet with the clarion's song,
Sackbut with fife, the cymbal with the gong,—
Earth shook, and roll'd the rattling sounds along.

When, on a sudden, ceased the din of war,
And breathed a softer symphony from far,

Wide flew the castle gates, and pour'd amain
Gay palfrey'd dames and damsels o'er the plain ;
In sendal was the shining band array'd,
And at their head the merry minstrels play'd.
Foremost their Empress rode, upon a steed
Of Araby, bedeck'd with gorgeous weed.
He, pacing in his pride, so lightly trod,
His nimble hoofs did scanty print the sod.
Held by a jesse of silk and silver twist,
A tiercelin sate perk'd upon her fist.
Or were it skill, or rather careless hap,
Upon her head she wore nor hood nor cap,
To shrowd her crisped locks ; but only round
Her brows a golden coronal was bound ;
So that, all unconfined, her yellow hair
Stream'd with the wind, and wanton'd here and
there.

Forth to a tower she rode ; from thence her eye
The landscape round might measure far and nigh ;

There, with Parseis and Uraqua bland,
Amid six reverend elders took her stand ;
Six tributary kings, who had in trust
To name the glorious victor in the Just.

A bridge the listed field did well divide ;
Beneath, a river roll'd its crystal tide.
Here held a king, whose gay device reveal'd
The lilies, blazon'd on a golden shield.
With him Partenopex and Gaudwin rode,
Diverse their colours as their coursers show'd.
This furnish'd as beseem'd a virgin knight,
His horse, his shield, and surcoat lily white.
Sir Gaudwin back'd a bay in Murcia bred,
His weapon was an axe, his weeds were red.

Tower'd on the farther bank a Soldan grim,
Well thew'd he was, and wonder large of limb ;
With him the kings of Almayn and of Spain,
And lords of Tartary and Sericane.

The rest betwixt themselves the just divide ;
Some with the christen'd king, more with the Sol-
dan ride.

Impatient for the charge, the coursers fleet
Champ on the bit, and thunder with their feet.
Now loud the clarions ring, and, east and west,
Forth spur the rival bands with staves in rest :
Then joustling on the bridge, their lances broke ;
And to the sky flew splinter, spark, and smoke.

There had the lilies been with odds o'erlaid,
But for the County, back'd by Gaudwin's aid.
He at the Soldan drove, and with a thrust
O'erturn'd the lordly Sarzin in the dust.
Then first beheld his Melior, bright as flower,
In balcony forth-built from lofty tower.
Fair o'er the dust and vapour show'd her form ;
So streams the day-star through some wintry storm.

Thither he drove an end ; and, right and left,
Through the thick crowd a ready passage cleft ;
Then sheath'd his glittering faulchion, as he stay'd
His horse beneath the tower where stood the maid ;
And, with a deep-drawn sigh,—“ Liege dame,
whom I,
“ Pardi, did first unto my peril spy,
“ Deign,”—(and he raised his pensil as he spake)
“ Deign, lady mine, this pledge of truth to take.”

The damsel heard, and, bending from the stage,
Reach'd, with a sober smile, the tender'd gage.

Thus they ; but 'mid the press, from man to man,
A murmur as of deep displeasure ran.
Such is the sovereign sex's boasted bliss !
We construe whatsoe'er they do amiss.
Foul fall such evil thought ! and sure that deed
Nought save befitting courtesy did breed.

Yet this I freely own, had she but spelt
The knight, whose hand that precious favour dealt,
Perchance had she been safe from tell-tale voice,
Some sweeter boon had graced her maiden choice.

But this is random guess ; and so I glance
It o'er, and pass to what in sooth did chance.
Though not his Melior, of the stranger knight
Parsëis and Uraqua guess'd aright :
And either, in her fellow's crimsoning hue,
Read, as she ween'd, her own conjecture true.
That saw the restless dame, whiles in her ear
Sounded the voice of him so passing dear ;
And, for she caught some hope of better lot,
A glimpse of happiness she knew not what,
To 'say this phantasy by surer proof,
She sought the youthful pair who talk'd aloof.

Then thus : “ Uraqua, to thy blood unjust,
“ That ever wrap'st thine heart in cold mistrust !

“ Say, cruel, have I e’er, in word or thought,
“ Fail’d in the love a friend or sister ought?
“ Then spare me not, thy secret grief allege,
“ And, in sure trust of quittance, take my pledge.”
She said, and from her hand of snowy hue,
Her glove, embroider’d round with silver, drew.

“ Sweet sister mine,”—Uraqua said, and pass’d
Her arms about her neck, and clipt her fast,
“ Sweet sister mine, take back thy proffer’d glove;
“ I tax thee not in sooth with lack of love.”
Then wray’d from first to last her late deceit;
But ween’d its end might sanctify the cheat.

Thus they; when good Sir Coursol rose and cried,
First of the associate kings for valour tried;
“ What ho, liege-lady mine! if in thine eyes
“ Or chivalry find worth, or bold emprize,
“ Turn, and behold yon knight with lifted glaive,
“ He who whilere to thee his pensil gave;

To face page 163



F. Englehart sculp.

R. Smirke Junr. del.

London Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme. Edw. 9th 848.

“ Scarce by thy favour graced, ere on his shield
“ Burst the collected thunder of the field.
“ Lo ! yonder, where the dust and where the din,
“ He threads the triple crowd that hedged him in.”

Now breathe the troops, and now at speed advance;
These whirl the mace; these couch the beamy lance.
Their lances brast, forth flew the sparkling steel,
And coursers rallied at the goring heel :
Not all ; for these at random scour the plain ;
Their lords afoot the doubtful strife maintain.
Here, one the bridge with biting faulchion keeps ;
And here, a frightened steed the breast-work leaps ;
Down hurtling from that arch's topmost span,
Deep in the torrent flounder horse and man :
Loud *lelies* mingle with the Christian cry,
Montjoy, St Denys ! Greece, and Victory !
And tumult fills the plain, and clamour rends the
sky.

But now 'twas even-song ; fast fell the dew ;
And shrill the bugles green to lodging blew.

Past was the motley crowd, and closed the night ;
I not assay to paint the lovers' plight.
Let this suffice ; either from bed did leap,
Their blood all-fever'd, unrefresh'd by sleep,
As dawn'd the morn, the fatal cause must try,
And fear and hope be lost in certainty.

Yet hold I it not fitting, unexpress'd
To pass the pomp and order of the 'quest.
With close-compacted swards a ring was wrought,
There, where the knights of late in tourney fought.
In midst, all sheathed in mail, the worthies stood,
Voiced by the heralds first for hardihood,
Sir Gaudwin, Sir Partenopex, and he
The Soldan, and the King of Christenty.
There too the royal umpires sate, and there,
With the two partners of her amorous care,

Adverse, the imperial Dame was throned high,
Trapp'd in the plenar pride of sovereignty.
Ranged in gradation round, tier upon tier,
Her feudatories rose, prince, prelate, peer.
The uttermost circumference shut out
The more ignoble herd, and rabble rout.

Nought saw Partenopex, amid the press,
Save her, who did his every thought possess.
Not so Sir Gaudwin; he in Uraque's face
Spied out, as he divined, a livelier grace.
And sure, to give that bonnibell her due,
She taper was of form, and fair of hue;
Yet might she not, in sober truth, compare
With her so passing sweet, so wondrous fair.

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, and yet 'tis well,
That not alone the dame is boon and bell,
But fair or foul, of rich or poor estate,
Simple or wise, need never lack for mate.

Joy to the sex, to widow, maid, or dame !
At this I much admire, but nothing blame.
Such want of better sense stands well with me ;
For, had men ears to hear, and eyes to see,
Then gallants all, knight, clerk, or squire would vye
With me, for my sweet lady's amity.
Yet out, alas ! it bodes me little boot,
That I stand single in a hopeless suit.—
But, harping on this string, I aye prolong,
And nought advance, the purpose of my song.

Now answer'd first each rival to his name,
Then pursuivants at arms made loud proclaim,
Whilere enjoin'd, that of the worthies four,
Prick'd from the medley by those judges hoar,
In favour of the child two waved dispute ;
So 'twixt the Count and Soldan lay the suit.

Right glad I pass the prosing council : seld
Profits the tedious eloquence of eld ;

But most it doth provoke mine honest rage,
That rank dishonesty should lurk in age.
Those doting kings, by fear or interest sway'd,
Against all right the worser cause upstay'd :
They spake, as much they fear'd the Soldan's power,
Rejected ; if espoused, how rich in dower !
Then told how he his princely word had plight,
Upon the faith and honour of a knight,
He, wedded, would forego false Mahound's lay,
He and the swarthy tribes which own'd his sway—
Thus all, save good Sir Coursol ; only he,
Stamp'd in the mould of truth and chivalry,
For their false council check'd those elders sore ;
Then thus in brief exposed his better lore :

“ So stint we farther brangle. From the dame
“ Why hold we rights our stronger sex doth claim?
“ To King, or Count, who best shall please her eye,
“ Award we, sirs, the prize of empery !”

He ceased, the counsel pleased ; confest to view,
The Soldan strode in robes of sanguine hue ;
Of giant bulk his limbs, and stern his air,
And cluster'd round his brows his raven hair.

Next stood the County forth ; a rising blush,
(For worth misdoubts itself,) his cheek did flush.
Simple his garb, nor other weed he wore,
Save that which late beneath his arms he bore ;
Fair crimson trews, and shirt so white as milk,
Unwrought ; the collar was a net of silk,
Which match'd his hose in dye ; and from within,
Like alabaster, show'd his dainty skin,
Razed, maugre of the bath, in many a wail,
By the keen pressure of the griding mail.
A girdle did his slender waist infold ;
This too was crimson sendal, fringed with gold.

All wishes centre in Blois' youthful lord ;
All, shouting, to his arms the prize accord ;

Yet Melior for a while her head down hung,—
She, in good sooth, might fear to trust her tongue.
Then, as slow-yielding to her people's choice,
As she but echo'd back the public voice,
(Such pretty shifts may well beseem the sex,)
Half sunk and half pronounced, 'Partenopex.'
No more she could; loud shouts the name repeat,
And the next moment saw him at her feet.
Then vanish'd cold reserve and maiden pride;
Wrapt in themselves, lost to the world beside,
They, cheek to cheek fast laid, and lip to lip,
Stood close impaled in each others' clip;
And, for words lack'd to speak their perfect bliss,
That want they well supplied with many a thrilling
kiss.

This told, it were unprofitable lore
To speak how chafed the Soldan long and sore;
Or how, the County crown'd, what game and glee
Graced his high feast and rich solemnity:

What gifts with lavish hand he dealt about,
What merrimake was there, what revel-rout ;
What yeomen at the butts with arrows shoot,
What minstrels blow the pipe, or touch the lute,
Or carol amorous descants, or rehearse
Legends of knightly lore in dittied verse.

Yet it were well to fill some gaps were left
In this my tale ; Ancel, who late, a weft,
Was thrown upon the world, in a young knight,
Who tourney'd with the lilies, sprang to light.
He found his guerdon in Parseis' hand ;
Sir Gaudwin had to wife Uraqua bland.
And each, thrice happy in her proper lot,
Her short-lived fondness for the Count forgot.

To wind up all ; for him and his sweet mate,
Glad was their love, and glorious their estate ;
Loud-voiced by rumour through this middle earth,
For paragons of praise and matchless worth.

So shines the mid-day sun, whose disk did swim,
At dawning, amid mist and shadows dim ;
And those dank vapours, as they clear away,
Prove but the promise of a brighter day.

Sirs all, here ends my lay; but should the maid,
For whom I have this pretty task assaid,
New toil enjoin; though thankless be the pain,
Her bidding to gainsay I wot were vain :
For who would 'gainst the will of love abide,
He saileth in the teeth of wind and tide.

Now chance what may, for long, or for a spell,
Lordings, and dainty bonnibells, farewell !

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

So shines the midnight sun, whose light is vain,
At dawn, the sun is up, and the world is bright,
And those who were in the night, are now in the day,
Prove that the sun is up, and the world is bright.

So shines the midnight sun, whose light is vain,
At dawn, the sun is up, and the world is bright,
And those who were in the night, are now in the day,
Prove that the sun is up, and the world is bright.

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So shines the midnight sun, whose light is vain,
At dawn, the sun is up, and the world is bright,
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Prove that the sun is up, and the world is bright.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

————— *upon a steed*
Of Araby.—————P. 157.

Arabian horses were imported from Alexandria, for the purposes of the chace or common riding. They were not of sufficient bone or stature for tournaments and warfare.

————— *take back thy proffer'd glove.*—P. 162.

This was a security for the performance of a promise, as well as a gage of combat. Thus, in the MS. romance of Alisaunder, we find one of Darius's officers giving his glove to that monarch as an earnest of his achieving a signal success against the enemy.

Loud lelies mingle with the Christian cry,
Montjoy, St Denys, &c.—P. 163.

The Arabic *lelies* are nothing but a quick repetition of the cry of “*allah, illah, allah!*” the Mahometan profession of faith. *Mountjoy, St Denys*, or, by abbreviation, *Montjoy*, was the ancient *cri de guerre* of the French.

He, wedded, would forego false Mahound's lay,
He and the swarthy tribes which own'd his sway.—P. 167.

There is little doubt but that a proposal of a similar nature (however extravagant the fact may appear) was made by Tammas Couli Khan to Catharine, Empress of Russia.

*Razed, maugre of the bath, in many a wail,
By the keen pressure of the griding mail.*—P. 168.

Frequent recourse was had to the warm bath, in order to restore elasticity to the skin, chafed and indented by the mail armour.

Loud voiced by rumour through this middle earth.—P. 170.

Mid erd, or middle earth, is a common phrase in romance, probably referring to the central position of our globe, according to the Ptolemæic system.

THE
RED KING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Romance of PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS was printed many months ago. A delay on the part of the Engravers has been the cause of its remaining thus long unpublished. I have yet to learn whether a part of the interval, between its completion and appearance, has been well employed in the composition of the following Stanzas.



THE
RED KING.

THE RED KING lies in Malwood-Keep;
To drive the deer o'er lawn and steep,
He's bown'd him with the morn.
His steeds are swift, his hounds are good;
The like, in covert or high-wood,
Were never cheer'd with horn.

And he hath hawks all fowl to take,
By field, by forest, or by lake :
Right royal is his geer.

Among his merry-men is not
A simple groom, but by the slot
Can track the stricken deer.

But hound and brach are kennell'd all,
His merry-men are fast in hall,
His hawks are on the perch :
For they have flown at high and low ;
And his good dogs have chased a doe
From Knowl to Brockenhurst church.

Red William's bow'r was closely barr'd,
His knights without kept watch and ward,
All clad in hunter's green :
The horn about their necks was hung,
And at their sides the quiver swung,
With store of arrows keen.

In baudricks of the grey wolf's hide,
Their faulchions strait and short were tied,
And mantles gay they wore ;
Sharp knives were in their girdles stuck,
Hafted with antler of the buck,
Or tusk of Denney boar.

The watchman on the castle top
Almost might hear an acorn drop,
It was so calm and still ;
Might hear the stags in Hocknell groan,
And catch, by fits, the distant moan
Of Kingsgarn's little rill.

Save when the rustling birches play'd,
In shifting hues of light and shade,
By some chance zephyr swept ;
Whiles riding over Lady-Cross,
On waste and woodland, moor and moss,
The silvery moon-shine slept.

Then all again was hush'd and still,
All but the trickling of the rill,
When loud the king 'gan cry.
His knights without upstarted all,
And heard him on St Mary call,
Like one in misery.

And "Ho!" he cried, "ho! bear a light,
" And leave me not this live-long night,
" But while the time with talk."—
They roll'd them in their mantles round,
Then laid them lightly on the ground,
And carp'd of hound and hawk.

Yet little burden in their lore
(Whatso the song) the Red King bore ;
Nor when they spake of fight,
Of siege and sally, knightly gest,
Rough pastimes which he loved the best,
Kindled his heavy sprite.

But now the mist hung thin and low,
Or drifted o'er the moor-land slow,
In many a curly wreath :
His whistle first the plover blew,
Then sharp and shrill the black-cock crew,
And flapp'd along the heath.

Thin amber clouds bespoke the prime ;
These changed to red ; and in less time
Than I can tell the story,
Through Dear-Leap's grove of aged oak,
And Langley's shadowy thickets, broke
The sun in all his glory.

And with a lusty roundelay,
The throstle welcom'd in the day ;
And, towering from the lair,
The sky-lark from his feathers flung
The dew-drops, mounting, as he sung
His matins in mid-air.

With lords and lemmans clad in pall,
Revell'd the Norman in his hall,
Till roof and tow'r did ring ;
Whenas a monk of orders black,
With scrip and wallet at his back,
Stood up before the king.

“ Sir king,” he said aloud, “ let be
“ Thy wassel, wine, and minstrelsy,
“ And list what I deliver :
“ Better it were to watch and pray,
“ To fast and sanctify this day,
“ Than wend to wood or river.

“ Last night I dreamt a dream ; behold !
“ I saw a church was fret with gold,
“ With arras richly dight :
“ There saw I altar, pall, and pix,
“ Chalice, and font, and crucifix,
“ And tapers burning bright.

“ You too I saw in little tide :
“ You paced as overgrown with pride,
“ Nor brook’d to doff your cap ;
“ And straitways as you enter’d in,
“ (Though wind was none) with heavy din,
“ The great church-door did clap.

“ —Who of Christ’s body doth partake
“ In love, and for his passion’s sake,
“ Thrice blessed is his meed ;
“ But woe to him that eats the flesh
“ Of God, and crucifies afresh
“ His Saviour in the deed !—

“ I may not tell, I may not shew,
“ The deadly sin I saw thee do.—
“ —But He, whom thou didst scorn,—
“ Lo ! waxing in his anger, He
“ Did smite thee, like the scaithed tree.—
“ Oh wo ! that thou wast born !

“ I saw how from thy lips forth came
“ As it were smoke and smoldering flame,
“ Which scatter’d far and near ;
“ And then the visions of the night
“ Went upwards from before my sight,
“ And I awoke in fear.

“ And thus, O king, I read my dream :
“ Thy faulty balance kicks the beam ;
“ The cup of wrath stands high.
“ That God, who did man’s flesh inherit,
“ That God, whom thou hast griev’d in spirit,
“ Forewarns thee thou shalt die.”

“ Sirs,”—quoth the king, in merry thought,
And mock’d the man of God to nought—
“ Monk-like, he dreams for gain.
“ Give him an hundred pence—But mark,
“ Thou bode me better luck, sir clerk,
“ What time thou dream’st again.—

“ Now, lordings mine, for hart or deer !

“ Ho ! merry huntsmen, call ‘ *Arere !*’

“ And couple up your pack.”

With spurs loud rang the castle hall ;

And yeomen good their coursers all

Untether’d from the rack.

The draught is made, the tale is told ;

They take their horns, those yeomen bold ;

And now they give them breath.

All blasts of venery they knew

For field or forest ; yet they blew

A tokening of the death !

And they have slung their bugle-horns ;

Yet still in Sloden’s haunted thorns

The pealing echo hung ;

Nor once, as wont, the coursers neigh’d,

Nor dogs in merry chorus bay’d,

What while the larum rung.

And groom or gallant, for a space,
Each gazed upon his fellow's face,
Yet not a word they spake ;
Then each man clomb unto his steed,
And forth they rode, down hill and mead,
By busket and by brake.

It was a pleasure but to hear
The bridles ringing sharp and clear,
Amid the forest green ;
To hear the rattle of the sheaves,
And coursers rustling in the leaves,
With merry blasts between.

Foremost, amid his knights of pride,
The Red King paced, and at his side,
Sir Walter Tyrrel free :
For England's love he left his home,
And sail'd across the salt sea-foam,
From woods of Normandy.

He bare his bow before the king,
And led two grey-hounds in a string,
With skins of snowy hue.
He was a ready man on horse ;
Was better none to hunt of force,
Or brace the sounding yew.

Now fast beside the path-way stood
A ruin'd village, shagg'd with wood,
A melancholy place ;
The ruthless Conqueror cast down
(Wo worth the deed !) that little town,
To lengthen out his chace.

Among the fragments of the church,
A raven there had found a perch,—
She flicker'd with her wing ;
She stirr'd not, she, for voice or shout,
She moved not for that revel-rout,
But croak'd upon the king.

Here first the merry huntsmen loose
Lyme-dog and grey-hound from the noose ;
Crack sapling, gorse, and thorn :
Then each man's hand was to his quiver,
Then rang the woods as they would shiver,
With hound and bugle-horn.

Loud wax'd the merry cry, "*Avaunt !*"
While shrouded close in woody haunt
The gallants take their stand ;
When lo ! a hart came bounding by ;
The king a grey goose-shaft let fly,
Then raised his bridle-hand.

So looking underneath the sun,
He saw the branching quarry run,
Unscath'd, o'er bent and low ;
And "ho !" he cried, "the game's afoot !"
"Ho ! in the fiend's name, Tyrrel, shoot."—
Sir Walter drew his bow.

He draws his bow with right good-will ;
The shaft, if it go true, must kill ;
 Back leaps the sounding string :
Miss'd of the deer the whistling reed ;
A nobler prey was doom'd to bleed,—
 No less than England's king.

The random dart an oak-tree grazed,
(I said the king's left arm was raised,)
 It smote him in that side :
Deep in the flesh the fork-head stood,
And, quivering, drank his heart's best blood,
 Which well'd a crimson tide.

East, west, and north, his meiny fled,
The sad Sir Walter first, for dread :
 So without pray'r, or host,
Without a priest his soul to speed,
Or friend to help him in his need,
 He yielded up the ghost.

A Minestead churl, whose wonted trade
Was burning charcoal in the glade,
Outstretch'd amid the gorse
The monarch found ; and in his wain
He raised, and to St Swithin's fane
Convey'd the bleeding corse.

And still, so runs our forest creed,
Flourish the pious woodman's seed
Even in the self-same spot :
One horse and cart their little store,
Like their forefather's, neither more
Nor less the children's lot.

And still, in merry Lyndhurst-hall,
Red William's stirrup decks the wall ;
Who lists, the sight may see ;
And a fair stone, in green Malwood,
Informs the traveller where stood
The memorable tree.

Thus in those fields the Red King died,
His father wasted in his pride ;
For it is God's command,—
Who doth another's birth-right reave,
The curse unto his blood shall cleave—
—And God's own word shall stand.

NOTES.

The Red King lies in Malwood-Keep.—P. 179.

The *Red King*, and *Red William*, names which applied equally to the colour of his complexion and of his hair, are the denominations by which William the Second is distinguished in the Chronicles.

Malwood Castle, seated upon an eminence, embosomed in wood, at a small distance from the village of Minestead, in the New Forest, was the residence of this prince when he met with the accident which terminated his life. No remains of it exist; but the circumference of a building is to be traced; and it yet gives its name to the walk in which it was situated.

Or tusk of Denny boar.—P. 181.

Denny is another and very extensive walk. I have observed upon this word, which is Armoric-Celtic, in the Notes to Partenopex; but, on turning again to Bullet, I see that he makes *Denn* a forest; and *Denny* near a forest, from *Denn*, and *I*, near.

And heard him on St Mary call.—P. 182.

Idem rex pridie ante necem suam, vidit per somnum sese fleubotomicæ ictu sanguinem emittere, et radium cruoris in cælum usque extensum, lucem obnubilare et Dei interpellare claritatem. Rex autem, sanctâ Mariâ invocatâ, et somno excussus, lumen inferri præcepit, et cubicularios a se discedere non permittens, residuum noctis insomne peregit. This memorable invocation of the Virgin has not saved Rufus from the

reproach of infidelity, and of a most undisguised contempt for the supposed mediation of saints.

*Of siege and sally, knightly gest,
Rough pastimes which he loved the best, &c.—P. 182.*

He was doubtless of a very gallant spirit; for the proofs of which, see various anecdotes related by the old chroniclers.

— and in less time
Than I can tell the story, &c.—P. 183.

See the description of a sun-rise in Gray's Letters.

With lords and lemmans clad in pall, &c.—P. 184.

"He was," says one of the monkish histories, "a most especial follower of lemmans."

Last night I dreamt a dream, &c.—P. 184.

Monachus quidam transmarinus, qui, pro ecclesiæ suæ negotiis, regis curiam sequebatur, Roberto filio Hamonis, viro potenti et regi familiari somnium retulit, quod nocte eâdem viderat, mirificum et horrendum. Vidit enim, per somnum, regem in quandam venire ecclesiam: Gestuque superbo et insolenti, (ut solebat) cæpit despicere circumstantes: Ubi crucifixum dentibus apprehendens, brachia illius corrosit, et crura pene detruncavit. Quod crucifixus cum diu tolerasset, regem demum dextro pede ita depulit, ut caderet in pavimentum supinus; et ex ore jacentis tantam exire flammam conspexit et ita diffusam, ut fumorum nebula, quasi chaos magnum, usque ad sydera volitaret. Hanc visionem cum Robertus regi retulisset, cachinnos ingeminans, ait: "Monachus est, et lucri causâ monachiliter somniavit. Da ei centum solidos ne videatur

inaniter somniasse."—MATTHEW PARIS.—He then proceeds to recount another dream of the king's the night before his death, with little difference of circumstance from the vision of the monk. There is also a similar story in Peter Langtoft:

" On a Thurday at nyght, at even he yode to reste;
 To hunte then he had ticht in his New Foreste.
 On slepe sone he felle; the sueven before him ran;
 Him thouht in his chapelle he was withouten man.
 Ne non he sau no herd, and he bihelde aboute;
 The dures were so sperd, he might in no stede out.
 So grete hunger him cam, and mete had he none,
 Ne he ne wist to wham that he mot mak his mone.
 His hunger was so grete, he wend haf woxen wode;
 Upon the rode he schete, and ete it als it stode.
 When he had eten that, yit him hungred eft;
 The Mariole ther scho sat, of hir no thing he left.
 Whan he was turned and went out of that affray,
 For a bishop he sent at morn whan it was day;
 Sir Ode^a of Wynchestere, so that bishop hight;
 He told him of alle the estere that him mette that nyght.
 The bishop gan it rede :—" God is he turned grym;
 ' Outher in word or dede has thou greved him.
 ' Therfor all that thou may, to penance take thou space,
 ' That never on Friday to wood thou go to chace:
 ' The river salle thou forsake on Friday ilka dele.
 ' That penance I the take, sir kyng, thou kepe it wele."

This portentous vision of the monk, in which the king was represented gnawing the arms and biting off the legs of our Saviour crucified, and devouring the Virgin, the circumstance of the flame, smoke, &c. may perhaps have originated in an accident which took place during his reign, and which is commemorated by Speed; who

^a Odo de Baieux, maternal uncle to Rufus.

relates, that a flash of lightening pierced the steeple of the abbey at Winscombe, cast down the crucifix, broke off the right leg, and overthrew the image of the Virgin standing by, filling the church with smoke. Possibly the hint of the king's dream, stated in Matthew Paris, might be furnished by another extraordinary circumstance related by Speed:—"Most fearefull was the wel of blood, which for fiteene daies rose up out of the ground at Finchamstead, near Abingdon, in Berkshire."^a

*Give him an hundred pence—But mark,
Thou bode me better luck, sir clerk,
What time thou dream'st again.—P. 186.*

"He is a right monke," said the king, "and to have a peece of monie, he dreameth such things. Give him therefore an hundred shillings, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person."—HOLINSHED.

*Ho! merry huntsmen, call 'Arere!'
And couple up your pack.—P. 187.*

The cry of "Arere" (*arrière*) answered to our shooting phrase of "to heel."

"The fyrst worde to the houndes that the hunter shall out pit,
Is at the kennel doore, when he openyth it ;
That all maye hym here, he shall saye, 'Arere !'
For his houndes wolde come to hastely.
And when he hath cooplyd his houndes echoon," &c.

^a This phenomenon, I believe, arises from the water being tinctured with some sort of red earth.

All French terms of chase were retained long after that language was generally disused by the Anglo-Norman nobility. Some of these, though somewhat metamorphosed, are yet to be found in our sporting vocabulary. Such as *So ho!* on viewing a hare sitting, originally *Cà, ho!* and *Iloicks*, a term used to hounds in drawing a cover, a corruption of the old word *Illocques*.

"Then saye, *Illocques, Illocques*," &c.

LADY JULIANA BERNERS.

Of this description is *Tally-ho*, the original word being *Taillis-hors*; to express the quarry having broke cover. *Gagner le taillis* is still a figurative and proverbial mode of speech. To this may be added *Tayho*, appropriated to the stag-chase, the same with the French *Taïaut*, as written according to modern orthography. It is, as I imagine, derived from *Tai-hors*; *Tai* signifying a wet or swampy place, (see *Barbasan's Vocabulary to his Fabliaux, Vol. II.*) to which this animal usually resorts when hard pressed by the hounds. This action is so usual as to be expressed by a particular term, and is called *Soiling*, in our hunting phraseology.

*He bare his bow before the king,
And led two grey-hounds in a string,
With skins of snowy hue.*—P. 189.

According to Baker's *Chronicle*, Sir Walter Tyrrell was bow-bearer to Rufus. The same tradition was once, as I have been informed, current in the Forest.

The bow-bearer is, by the custom of the New Forest, to be provided with a brace of milk-white grey-hounds. He is obliged to pre-

sent the king with these on his first entrance within the boundaries;^a at which time, he is to offer him his bow with an arrow; the king is expected to shoot the arrow, and return the bow with his purse. This was not observed when his present majesty entered that country. It is his duty to attach any one for trespasses committed on the "vert and venison," or "green hue and hunting," as they are, in the same love of alliteration, occasionally styled. This he swears to perform in his oath of office, as well as "to be of good behaviour towards his majesty's wild beasts." According to the usage of the New Forest, he ranks next to the lord-warden, and takes precedence of all other officers whatsoever. His salary is forty shillings a-year, and he is entitled to one buck in the season.

I may be pardoned this detail, as successor in office to Sir Walter Tyrrel.

*The ruthless Conqueror cast down
(Wo worth the deed!) that little town,
To lengthen out his chase.—P. 189.*

M. Voltaire, the first, if I remember rightly, who professed disbelief of the early history of the New Forest, founded his opinions as well upon the apparent absurdity of the account, as the suspicious nature of the evidence on which it rests. He certainly was not aware, that Domesday-Book, the record of the Conqueror himself, establishes the fact. As to the seeming extravagance of the measure, it must naturally appear unintelligible to one, little conversant

^a An estate belonging to the Mills family, on the borders of the forest, is held by a similar tenure.

with the manners of the times. Some of the inducements to it have been incidentally noticed in another place; the most especial, the love of the chase, an amusement which, next to the pleasures of sense, constitutes the chief enjoyment of a rude period of society. To this may be added, the insurement of a large supply of fresh provisions during the winter, and many rights and privileges, either specified, or alluded to in the *Charta de Foresta*. As to the supposed absurdity of the immediate creation of a forest, it arises from a misconception of terms. "*In libro rubro, in scaccario*," says Manwood, in his Treatise on Forest Law, it appeareth: "*Non in quibuslibet locis est foresta domini regis, sed in certis, videlicet, in sylvestribus locis.*"^a Making a forest, therefore, was a mere appropriation of a tract of country by the crown. It appears, then, that William the Conqueror, finding a large portion of the south-western part of Hampshire adapted to his views, seized upon the waste; in some instances contented himself with stripping estates and manors of their uncultivated and wooded lands, and, in others, either insulated fertile spots, or totally absorbed them, in the surrounding wilderness.

Mr Warner, in his "*Topographical Remarks on the South-Western Parts of Hampshire*," has taken pains to ascertain the amount of damage which property suffered in this afforestation. He has, with this view, extracted from Domes-day a table, containing two valua-

^a It should seem, that *sylvestribus locis* must mean pure waste, or wooded country; as it is not to be supposed that any one could have made choice of hunting grounds where there was not a certain mixture of coverts. This obvious consideration certainly prevailed in the creation of the New Forest, (before called *Ytene* or *Ytchene*, a name yet partially preserved,) which, it is clear from Domes-day, contained a great proportion of woodland.

tions and assessments of all the manors, &c. in any degree affected; the first made in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the second the famous census, taken by the Conqueror at an æra subsequent to the transaction in question. "It appears," says Mr Warner, "that, in an extent of nearly ninety miles in circumference, one hundred and eight places, manors, villages, or hamlets, suffered in a greater or less degree: and that the aggregate of the partial or entire loss was more than two-thirds of the original value." It will be enough to give the sum of this table. Before the survey of the Conqueror, these manors, &c. were estimated at $198\frac{1}{2}$ hides, 56 yard-lands, 8 acres. 271 pounds, 2218 shillings. In the second census, they are represented as consisting of 59 hides, $53\frac{1}{2}$ yard-lands, $6\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The value is rated at 85 pounds, 964 shillings. The amount of the loss occasioned by the afforestation, therefore, will be $139\frac{1}{2}$ hides, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yard-lands, $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres; 186 pounds, 1254 shillings.^a

We come now to the demolition of villages, castles, churches, &c. with which William the First has been charged by our early historians. This part of history Mr Warner appears to discredit, reasoning from the non-existence of ruins, or other traces of such desola-

^a "I confess myself," says Mr Warner, "obliged to that great and useful work, Mr Gough's edition of Camden's *Britannia*, for the idea of this table, though the learned editor will perceive I differ from him, both in arranging the particulars comprized in it, and in certain other trifling circumstances."

Mr Warner observes, that the Saxon pound was three times the weight of ours. It consisted of forty-eight shillings, each shilling equal to fifteen-pence of our money. He allows thirty acres for every yard-land.

I have not carried the shillings to the pounds, from an idea that there might prevail some doubt as to the value of the first mentioned coin.

tion; a supposition which appears to have staggered even Dr Warton, a writer much disposed to cling to the traditions of antiquity.

It should, however, seem impossible, but that the spoliation of the Conqueror must have greatly depopulated the country, though it may remain a question whether this was only a consequential effect of the measure, or whether it actually made part of his system of devastation.^b I am myself strongly inclined to the latter opinion. For first, the internal evidence of the falsehood of this point of history, namely, the seeming extravagance of the proceeding altogether, is

^b The demand for labour must have been extremely diminished by the throwing such a quantity of land out of tillage; many valuable servitudes and rights of common, particularly *pannage*, or the feeding swine in the woods, appear to have been abrogated, or at least restrained; and at a time when internal commerce, owing to the difficulty of communication, was little cultivated, it is probable that severe distress might be occasioned by a local scarcity of grain. What confirms this supposition, is a great rise in the value of the property which was untouched. In one instance, an estate lessened one-half in extent, continued the same in value at the second census as at the first; and in another, the worth of a half-hide of land was doubled. It may be objected to my reasoning, founded on these data, that the present population of the New Forest much exceeds the *ordinary* and *legitimate* means of subsistence, and has been for some time most rapidly increasing; but it is, in the present state of things, ridiculous to suppose, that the inhabitants of this tract would be more affected by a local scarcity of grain, than the people of a county, fifty miles removed. The temporary emigration, to which a considerable portion of them are subjected in pursuit of labour, might indeed produce a more severe effect, were they not indemnified by many real, or usurped rights upon the forest, which affords them both pasturage and fuel. To this great increase of population, to the encroachments on the waste, which involve many indirect, but more serious evils than the mere appropriation of the soil which is occupied, to the neglect of all those wholesome limitations, by which the law had qualified the exercise of rights of common, and (not the least) to the faulty mode of paying the keepers, whose principal emoluments arose from what has been a grand source of destruction to the wood, namely the deer and rabbits, is to be traced that total want of succession in the New Forest, which may truly be considered as a national evil. The last mischief which I have enumerated is now corrected. The keepers are prohibited cutting underwood as *browse* for the deer, and have been indemnified for the destruction of the rabbits.

rebutted by the most satisfactory external testimony to the fact. Nay, we not only have the authority of Domesday-Book, in proof of this individual act of tyranny, we find from the *Charta de Foresta*, before cited, and from *Magna Charta*, that such a monstrous exercise of power was by no means infrequent.^c The first seeming barrier to our belief thus removed, and the main fact of the devastation incontestably established, it is not much to say, that the verification of that part of a story which has been accurately sifted, may naturally dispose us to place faith in that which either has not been, or cannot, from the nature of circumstances, be, subjected to an equally rigid examination. But what if I prove, notwithstanding the assertions of former writers, that vestiges of ancient buildings yet exist in the New Forest, and that it is difficult to assign any cause for their demolition, but that of the tyranny of William? The establishment of the first assertion, and the concurrence of all probabilities in favour of the last, must substantiate the general truth of the story, however facts may have been warped, or exaggerated in detail.

The idea that no vestiges of ancient buildings yet exist in the New Forest, is utterly unfounded; though the fact is certainly little known, and almost confined to the small circle of keepers and ancient inhabitants. In many spots, though no ruins are visible above ground, either the *enceinte* of erections is to be traced, by the elevation of the earth, or fragments of building-materials have been discovered, on turning up the surface. The names also of those places would

^c In *Magna Charta*; "*Omnes foreste, que afforestate sunt tempore nostro, statim deafforestentur.*"—In another passage it speaks, "*de forestis deafforestandis vel remansuris forestis, quas Henricus, pater noster, vel Ricardus, frater noster, afforestaverunt.*"

almost, if other evidence were wanting, substantiate the general fact, and even the nature of each individual edifice. As it may be a temptation to some to prosecute further local researches, I subjoin a list of the places in question. *Castle Malwood* I have already mentioned. There remain *Castle-Hill*, on the banks of Avon; *Lucas Castle*, in Broomey-Walk; *Thomson's Castle*, which is, if I recollect rightly, in Ashley-Walk; the *Castle* in Burley, near which the foundation of a church or chapel is said to have been formerly visible; and *Queen's-Bower*, in Rhinefield-Walk. In Ashurst-Walk also is a spot called *Church-Place*, where a ridge of elevated earth incloses a square of about forty feet, and a similar appearance is visible in *Denny-Wait*; though here the square is of somewhat smaller dimensions. Tradition also marks this as the site of a church. Not far from this place, near where the old pound of Denny formerly stood, are several elevations of soil. Digging in these spots, I found very minute fragments of brick and mortar. I discovered the same materials, in the same state of decay, in *Denny-Wait* and in *Church-Place*. In the latter also were dug up fragments of a species of rock, of which there is a great quantity at Burley, situated at the other extremity of the forest, and which was probably used for a foundation, chalk, and slate cut thin and bored with holes, like that now used for the covering of buildings. The groom-keeper too informed me, that a bunch of keys was some years since discovered there. The name of *Church-Moor*, a bog close to No-Man's Walk, seems at least to argue the prevalence of a belief at some period or other, of such an edifice having existed on this spot. But the nature of the soil renders a search for materials almost impracticable. On *Peel-Hill* also, in Ashurst-Walk, I had some openings made in the ground, considering the name, (which signifies a square tower,) and the appearance

of the place, an eminence, flat on the top, with four sides sloping regularly into planes, all inclined at the same angle to the horizon, as a certain clue to further discoveries. I was in this instance, however, disappointed, though a more extensive removal of the earth may possibly be attended with better success.

The total rasure of these buildings, and the scanty remains of materials under the surface, appear at first a singular circumstance. But it is to be observed, that the mansions, and even the churches of the Anglo-Saxons, were built of the slightest materials, frequently of wood; and that of all countries, a forest is the least favourable to the preservation of ruins. As they are the property of the crown, neither the pride nor interest of individuals is concerned in their preservation. They are a strong temptation to the lower classes of the community, nursed in habits of depredation upon the waste, while in no instance is there greater facility of plunder. The "vert and venison" are under the care of particular officers, who are responsible for nothing beyond. These buildings were also situated in remote and solitary places, little subject to observation, and perhaps unvisited, but with the view of spoil, for weeks together.

This absence of remains of ruins above the surface need not, therefore, reasoning from all the instances which I have adduced, lead us to despair of further discoveries, and these are perhaps yet designated by the names of places. May we not consider the termination of *ham* and *ton*, yet annexed to some wood-lands, as evidence of the former existence of hamlets and towns? ^a

^a The names of two existing villages in the forest have this common termination. *Fritham*, (*Frith*, a forest, Celt. and Sax., and *ham*, a hamlet, village, or town,) and *Wooton*, (Wood-town.)

But it is very probable also, that such an investigation, founded upon a careful examination of the soil, might be successful even where no similar index exists, as we have seen in two of the cases recapitulated.^a Such is the veneration for sylvan scenes in early periods of society, that towns and villages, thus situated, usually preserve the original name of the places in which they were built. Thus, in the wilds of Kent, and other woodland districts, the names of villages usually end in *hurst*, a wood, (Saxon,) while the preceding division of the word, always compound, usually refers to its character or properties. Thus, *Midhurst* in Sussex, *Lyndhurst*,^b *Lyme-wood*, and *Brokenhurst*, Broken-wood in the New Forest. *Bramshaw*,^c in the same district, may be added to this class.

Having shewn, I think, that a certain degree of depopulation must either have made part, or at least have been a necessary consequence, of the measures of the Conqueror; having stated actual traces of many buildings long since demolished, and accounted for the scantiness of the materials which are yet preserved; and having explained with what prospect of success a further research may be prosecuted, it yet remains to determine, whether the destruction of the edifices in question can be certainly adduced in support of the veracity of our ancient chronicles.

And first for the castles; though their destruction might be attributed to time, this would not account for their being disparked

^a In Denny Wait, (*Væt*, wet, Saxon,) in the Walk of Denny, and near the old Pound of Denny.

^b Though *Lyndhurst*, in its primary sense, certainly signifies Lyme-wood, many authorities might be cited to prove, that the acceptation of Lynd was usually much wider, and that it stood for large trees in general. This appears to have been the case in the present instance; for the lyme is no where indigenous in the New Forest.

^c I do not know the meaning of *Bram*. *Shaw* signifies coppice or underwood.

and insulated in the forest: and this circumstance I consider as strongly corroborative of the truth of history; for such edifices were always surrounded with domains of greater or less extent; and the non-existence or afforestation of these, if we set aside the cause to which I am disposed to attribute it, can only be accounted for in two ways, either by supposing that they were originally royal residences, or that they had lapsed by forfeiture to the crown. But we know of no royal castle in the forest, with the exception of *Malwood*; and it is not probable that so many buildings, within so small a space, should have incurred this penalty. Nor would the supposition solve the difficulty, with respect to other buildings and to the supposed remains of churches, which I have before described.

I know but two instances of traces of ruins which cannot be comprized under the head of castles and churches. The first of these is *Queen's-Bower*. Here the name explains the nature of the edifice, which is gone. I imagine this an erection subsequent to the Conquest; the more so, as a large field, called *Queen's-Mead*, yet inclosed, was annexed to it. The vestiges of habitations near the old pound at Denny, I should conjecture, composed a hamlet or village; for the destruction of which it will be difficult to account, but on the supposition of its forming one of those said to have been demolished.

For the churches; they exactly correspond, in form and aspect, with those of an Anglo-Saxon æra;^a but as no one can suppose the inhabitants of the Forest informed upon such a point of antiquarian knowledge, their belief, founded on tradition, will tend to establish

^a They are, as I before observed, square. In one of these, a line drawn through the centre would point due east and west. In the other, the deviation is not greater than is even common in many old churches yet existing. See Grose's Preface to his *Antiquities*.

the character which I should, on other grounds, assign to these edifices. I ought, however, to remind the reader of a circumstance, which he may think subversive of the opinion which I hazard; I mean the discovery of slate, certainly not in use till a much later period, amongst the materials discovered in *Church-Place*. It is not, however, uncommon to see the ruins of palaces and churches pieced, or transformed by later additions.

“As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults and owns his cottage with a smile.”

A pent-house, or inclined roof of slate, might, in the present case, have been added to some part of the upright walls; and (these crumbling away, or thrown down, for the purpose of spoil,) be mingled with the materials of a remoter age. But more on this subject in the succeeding note, which is immediately connected with the present.

Among the fragments of the church.—P. 189.

The scene in which I have laid the death of Rufus is no poetical fiction. “Walter Hennyngforde,” says Grafton in his *Chronicle*, “wryteth, that in the place where the king was slaine, had been a church in old tyme, the which church, with other in his father’s tyme, was pulled downe and destroyed for the enlargyng of his said forest.” I certainly also recollect to have read, in some old writer, of the remains of such a church existing in his time. Baker, in his *Chronicle*, supposes, that this church or chapel was erected in consequence

of the death of Rufus; ^b but he is posterior in point of date, and his authority on a matter of fact is, therefore, less valid than that of Hennyngforde. No vestiges of such a building are at present visible.

In excuse for all this circumstance, I must observe, that this can hardly be considered as one of those "historical doubts," the solution of which involves nothing beyond the mere disentanglement of an intricate knot. It may be considered as making one of a series of acts of tyranny, unvarnished with any plea which might palliate or disguise its enormity, and, as such, forming a curious feature in the history of manners.

When lo! a hart came bounding by, &c.—P. 190.

A hart is, properly speaking, a stag in his sixth year; though it is more commonly used to designate the male of the species in general. The Lady Juliana Berners, treating of the manner of hunting "bestys, whether they ben bestys of venery, or of chace, or rascall," and also "shewing al termys convenyent, as well to the houndes as to the beastys aforesaid," thus defines him in all his stages:

" And for to speke of the harte, yf ye woll it lere,
Ye shall hym a calfe call at the fyrste yere;
The seconde yere a broket, so shall ye hym call;
The thyrde yere a spayad, lernyth thus all;
The fourth yere a stagge call hym by ony waye;
The fyfth yere a grete stagge your dame bydde you say;

^b Baker was perhaps unacquainted with Hennyngforde, and formed his conjecture upon a practice more frequent in a later period than in the beginning of the twelfth century; I mean the custom of erecting a chapel on the spot where a distinguished person had perished, and endowing it for the celebration of masses for the repose of his soul.

The syxte yere call him an harte.
Doott so, my chylde, whyles ye ben in quarte."

Then raised his bridle-hand, &c.—P. 190.

This and the other circumstances of his death are closely copied from the *Chronicles*.

Ho! in the fiend's name, Tyrrel, shoot.—P. 190.

Trahe, diable! was, according to Matthew Paris, the exclamation of the king. The *diable* is apparently a translation of the French favourite apostrophe, "*Diable!*"

— and to *St Swithin's fane*
Convey'd the bleeding corse.—P. 192.

Winchester cathedral.

And still, so runs our Forest creed,
Flourish the pious woodman's seed, &c.—P. 192.

This man's name was Purkess. He is the ancestor of a very numerous tribe. Of his lineal descendants it is reported, that, living on the same spot, they have constantly been proprietors of a horse and cart, but never attained to the possession of a team. A supposed wheel of the cart, which conveyed the body of Rufus, was some years since exhibited by this family.

And still, in merry Lyndhurst-hall,
Red William's stirrup decks the wall, &c.—P. 192.

A large rusted stirrup of coarse workmanship, and resembling in form those used in the middle ages, is still preserved in the court-hall at Lyndhurst. This stirrup, according to tradition, belonged

to Rufus. It is yet the favourite ensign of the forest; and was formerly applied to a very singular purpose, namely, as a test for ascertaining what dogs should suffer expeditation. Those who could not be drawn through the iron were subjected to this operation, in order to incapacitate them from the pursuit of deer. It is thus described by Manwood:—

“In the 31st canon of Canutus, the lawing of dogs is called *genuscissio*, which was cutting or laming them in the hams,^a and therefore the old foresters called it *Hamling* or *Hoxing*, and some called it *Hock-sinewing*.

“King H. 2. was the first who cut off the claws of the forefeet of mastiffs, and therefore he called it *expeditatio*, that is, by making them unable to run *expede*, viz. from the hurt of the foot, by cutting off three claws. *Assis: Woodstock, Article 6.* Serjeant Fleetwood was of opinion, that 'tis called *expeditatio, quasi ex pede statio*, a let or stay to run, and caused by that hurt of the foot. But this seems to be a jingle.”

Our custom appears to have been a very severe local extension of the forest law, which, according to the author cited above, confined the operation of hamling to mastiffs, (p. 112.)

The stirrup, suspended among smoked escutcheons of the royal arms, and stag-antlers, makes a good addition to the forest ornaments of the hall of judicature. The justice-seat and bar are of ancient and massive oak; an enormous bacon-rack, of the same age and materials, surmounts the whole. The green habits of the judges and their officers

^a I should rather imagine, from the name, that it must have been some injury inflicted on the knee.

assort well with the rest; and it is impossible to see a court held under this sylvan pomp and circumstance, to view the mixed and oddly accoutred rabble of people attached, to hear their defences, founded on some wild notions of natural law, delivered in an uncouth jargon, still considerably dashed with Anglo-Saxon, to observe the *sang froid* with which they hear the decision of their judges, and, not least, to observe the prompt dispatch of justice,—it is impossible, I say, to witness such a scene (as a spectator once observed to me) without being transported in imagination back to the fourteenth century.

*And a fair stone, in green Malwood,
Informs the traveller where stood
The memorable tree.*—P. 192.

In a bottom in Castle-Malwood Walk, near Stoney-Cross, is a triangular stone, on the three sides of which are graved:

1.

“Here stood the oak-tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, in the breast; of which stroke he instantly died, on the 2d of August 1100.”

2.

“King William II. being thus slain, was laid on a cart, belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.”

3.

“That the spot, where an event so memorable happened, might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who has seen the tree growing in this place.”

An addition to this inscription, by the late Lord Delaware, notices the present king's visit to the spot, &c.

John Lord Delaware had probably the authority of tradition for his assertion respecting the tree. "They," says Mr Gilpin, in his *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, "who think a tree insufficient to record a fact of so ancient a date, may be reminded, that seven hundred years (and it is no more since the death of Rufus) make no extraordinary period in the age of an oak."

*Thus in those fields the Red King died,
His father wasted in his pride;
For it is God's command,—
Who doth another's birth-right reave,
The curse unto his blood shall cleave,—
—And God's own word shall stand.—P. 193.*

An extraordinary coincidence of circumstances strengthened the universal belief in an immediate manifestation of the vindictive justice of Providence.

"The death of William Rufus," says Dr Milner, in his *History of Winchester*, "happened in the year 1100, and was considered, at the time it happened, as a mark of the divine wrath against the family of the Conqueror, and the person of his son Rufus, and has an immediate relation with the history of this city. Being on a hunting party in the neighbouring forest, so famous for the devastations and sacrileges which his father had committed in it, and also for the fatal accidents which had there befallen a brother of his and a nephew; if we may believe ancient historians, he received different intimations of the fate which awaited himself, at the same place, which intimation had the effect upon him, of causing him to

stay within doors, at the castle of Mallwood, where he then resided, during the early part of the day on which the accident happened; but, being heated with wine at dinner, he began to ridicule the warnings of the monk, who had come to caution him not to hunt that day, and issued into the thickest part of the forest, where, at the distance of half a mile from the said castle, having called upon his bow-bearer, in a strain of impetuous profaneness, to shoot at a stag, which he had missed, he received the arrow into his own bosom, and died upon the spot. The next day the royal corpse was brought to this city, defiled with blood and dirt, in no better vehicle than a charcoal-maker's cart. Here, however, it was treated with proper respect, and buried in the centre of the cathedral choir, many persons looking on, says our historian, but few grieving. A proof of the bad opinion which the people entertained of the deceased monarch is, that they interpreted the fall of a certain tower in the cathedral, which happened the following year, and covered his tomb with its ruins, into a sign of the displeasure of heaven that he had received Christian burial."

I have little to observe upon this passage, except that De Courtois, or Courthose, (his christian name also is variously given,) a natural son of the Conqueror, and the brother of Rufus, is believed also to have met his fate in the New Forest. He was, according to the Chronicles, killed by a pestilential blast, which crossed him while hunting. The West Indian fever is said to be often embodied in something like a fog or vapour; and those who have the misfortune to find themselves within its sphere, seldom escape the malignant influence. When this tract of country abounded more with swamp and underwood, it might possibly be obnoxious to a similar evil. For the other judgment on the descendants of the Conqueror; Graf-

ton, in his Chronicle, affirms, "In the same forest, by a like chance, was slaine also a little before, Richard, sonne unto Robert Duke of Normandy, by a knight of his owne." Camden assigns *him* also both a different name and catastrophe; "Henrie likewise, his grand child, by Robert of Normandy," says that writer, "whiles he hotly pursued his game in this chace, was hanged amongst the boughes, and so died," &c.

The reader will be surprised to hear of the translation of the bones of Rufus, after these supposed indications of the wrath of heaven. "We have hitherto omitted," says Dr Milner, "to mention the tomb of the last of our monarchs, who was interred in this ancient mausoleum of royalty, viz. William Rufus, though this is one of the most conspicuous objects in this part of the church, being situated near the step, in the middle between the north and south doors of the choir. It consists of English grey marble, being of form that is *dos d'ane*", (*the lid rising to a ridge in the middle, with both ends sloped off triangularly, like the roof of a house,*) "and is raised about two feet above the ground. By whom, or on what occasion, his bones were removed out of the tomb and enshrined, does not appear; it is probable, however, that this was done by Bishop de Blois," (*Henry de Blois, brother to King Stephen, and Bishop of Winchester,*) "from a too partial respect for his uncle, when he paid that honor to the remains of so many other more deserving personages. It may be asked, why the tomb of Rufus was left to remain, after the bones had been removed out of it? The answer is, that this was the usual practice on similar occasions. For we are to observe, the bones only, and of these probably only the greater bones, were translated, after they had been washed in wine and water. The other remnants of mortality, with the clothes and ornaments, were usually

left behind in the tombs. Hence we find the tombs of many saints, or other illustrious personages, still remaining, after the bones had been enshrined. In conformity with this account, we are informed, that when the present royal tomb was violated by the rebels of the last century, there was found in it the dust of the king, some pieces of cloth embroidered with gold, a large gold ring, and a small silver chalice."

* * * * *

"The third chest (these are ranged along the wall) contained part of the remains of persons of very opposite stations and characters, the other part of them having been deposited in the corresponding chest on the other side. These were the bones of Canute, the great and good Danish king, and of his queen, the fair Maid of Normandy, Emma, the special friend of this cathedral, *of the tyrannical Rufus*, of the good Bishop Alwyn, and of the simonaical prelates Wina and Stigand. It appears that these remains, by some means or other, had got so intermixed, from the time of De Blois, that it was impossible to distinguish to whom they severally belonged. This circumstance alone can account for the manner of their disposal by Bishop Fox, in these chests, as likewise for the equal honour which is thereby paid to characters of very unequal merits. The said chests having been, in part, violated by the rebels in the great civil war, and part of the bones which they contained having been taken out of them, and scattered about the church, such of them as were recovered at the Restoration, were laid in the two chests last mentioned."

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

A.

Albe, although.

B.

Bale, evil, misfortune.

Banderol, the small flag at the end of the lance.

Barded, a barded horse, a horse clothed in defensive armour.

Benempt, named.

Bewray, to discover.

Bonnibelle, a flattering woman. *Bonne et belle*.

Boon, gay, lively.

Bown, to prepare, to make ready.

Brach, a bitch-hound.

Brand, a sword.

Brangle, dispute.

Bruit, noise, report.

Busket, (*bosquet*), a thicket.

C.

Cark, trouble of mind, solicitude.

Carl, a churl. See Notes, p. 115.

Castellain, a lord of a castle.

Cates, provisions.

Cheer, air of the countenance, frame of mind.

Child, a chivalric designation, answering to *damoiseil* in French. It properly signifies a young gentleman not yet knighted. It is, however, sometimes applied to a knight.

Christenty, Christendom.

Claret. See Notes to Canto First.

Clepe, to call, or name.

Clip, to embrace.

Clip, *subs.* an embrace.

Contrarious, opposite, repugnant to.

Could, (perf. *can*,) knew.

County, a count.

Craven, a coward.

hounds, in contradistinction to the

chasse à tirer, in which it was shot.

Foredone, fatigued, exhausted.

D.

Daze, to dazzle.

Dight, to prepare, dress, set in order,
or arrange.

Dole, sorrow. *Duil*, Celtic, *dolor*, Latin.

Don, (*do on*,) put on.

E.

Eld, old age.

Ensample, an example.

Eschew, to avoid.

Evanish, to vanish.

F.

Fay, a fairy.

Fay, faith.

Fayëry, the art of fairery, also *Fairy-Land*.

Force, to hunt of force; *chasser à force*,
to run down the quarry with the

G.

Garniture, ornament.

Gainsay, to deny, or controvert.

Glaive, a sword.

Gonfainoun, the small flag worn at the
end of the lance. *Gonfalone*.

Grammary, magic.

Guerdon, reward.

H.

Harbourage, lodging.

Hest, command.

Hight, called, named.

I.

Jesse, or *jesset*, the string by which the
hawk was attached to the hand.

Ill. For guilt is ill to hide, for guilt
is difficult to hide.

Journey, a day's journey.

K.

Keep, inner part of an ancient castle, occasionally used for the whole.

Kirtle, a sort of jacket.

Knave, in its general sense, a servant.

L.

Lair, harbour of wild beasts, or rough uncultivated ground.

Lay, (according to Tyrwhitt,) a species of serious narrative poetry, of a moderate length, in a simple style, and light metre. *Laoi*?, Celtic.

Lay, law.

Lede, a rule. *Approve this lede*, prove the truth of this rule.

Lelies, the Arabic war-cry. See Notes, p. 173.

Leman, a mistress.

Lett, hindrance, impediment.

Lief, dear, beloved.

Liege, a sovereign, or lord, to whom others were bound by feudal tenure.

Lordings, sirs, masters.

Lorn, lost, forsaken. *Love-lorn*, forsaken of his love.

Losel, an infamous person.

Lout, to bow.

Lusty, stout, vigorous, joyful.

M.

Make, to meddle or interfere.

Maugre, in despite of.

May, a maid.

Meed, reward.

Meiny, attendants.

Mickle, much, great.

Might. *The drink of might*, the drink of power.

N.

Nathless, nevertheless.

O.

Owe, to own or possess.

Orfrays, embroidery. See Notes, p. 150.

P

Paragon, a pattern, a model.

Pardie, *Par dieu*.

Parfay (*Parfoy*), by my faith.

Parforce, of necessity.

Parlous, keen, facetious.

Pensil, vide *Banderol*.

Phantasy, fancy.

Pigment. See Notes to Canto First.

Point device. *Clad point device*, clothed exactly, or studiously.

Pranked, studiously adorned.

Prew, valiant, brave.

Prise, notes sounded at the taking of the deer, *Prise*, French.

Purfled, embroidered.

Q.

Quaint, skilful, ingenious, subtle.

Quaintance, acquaintance.

Quarry, any thing chased.

Quest, search, search of adventure.

'*Quest*, inquest.

R.

Rack, small fleecy cloud. (*Rauch*, smoke.)

Reck, to care, to heed.

Rede, advice.

Rote, conjectured to be a species of hurdigurdy.

Rouncey, a horse of burden.

Ruth, pity.

S.

Sadness, sobriety, gravity.

Sarzin, Saracen.

'*Say*, for assay.

Scant, scanty, scarcely.

Scathe, loss, injury, damage.

Sell, a saddle.

Sendal, a species of thin silk.

Serried, closely compacted.

Shrift, confession.

Shrive, to hear at confession.

Slot, the track or footsteps of the deer.

Sliocht, Celtic.

Solace, joy, satisfaction. *Solas*, joy, Celtic, *solatium*, Latin.

Sore, (adverbially,) very much, intensely.

Sprite, a spirit; the spirit or soul.

Stiff, strong.

Stower, battle.

Suzerain, a feudal lord, possessing a fief, under which other fiefs were held.

T.

Tables, it should seem a game similar to backgammon.

Tale. *Passing tale*, passing computation.

Thrall, a captive, a slave.

W.

Tiercelet, *tiercelin*, a species of falcon.

Trews, pantaloons or trowsers. *Triu'ais*,
Celtic.

Twain, two. *The twain*, the pair.

Wardress, *warder*, governor or lord of
a castle.

Well, to flow.

Weft, a waft; or stray.

Wighty, strong.

Won, a dwelling.

Wray, to discover.

V.

Valet, a young prince or gentleman
not yet knighted. See *Notes to*
Canto First.

Y.

Yerk, to kick.

Ypight, fixt.

FINIS.

My great distance from the Press must be my excuse for the following Errata:

Page 48, line the 3d of the Note, for *by*, read *of*.

54, 6, for *fenxit*, read *finxit*.

120, 14, for *ancel*, read *ancel*.

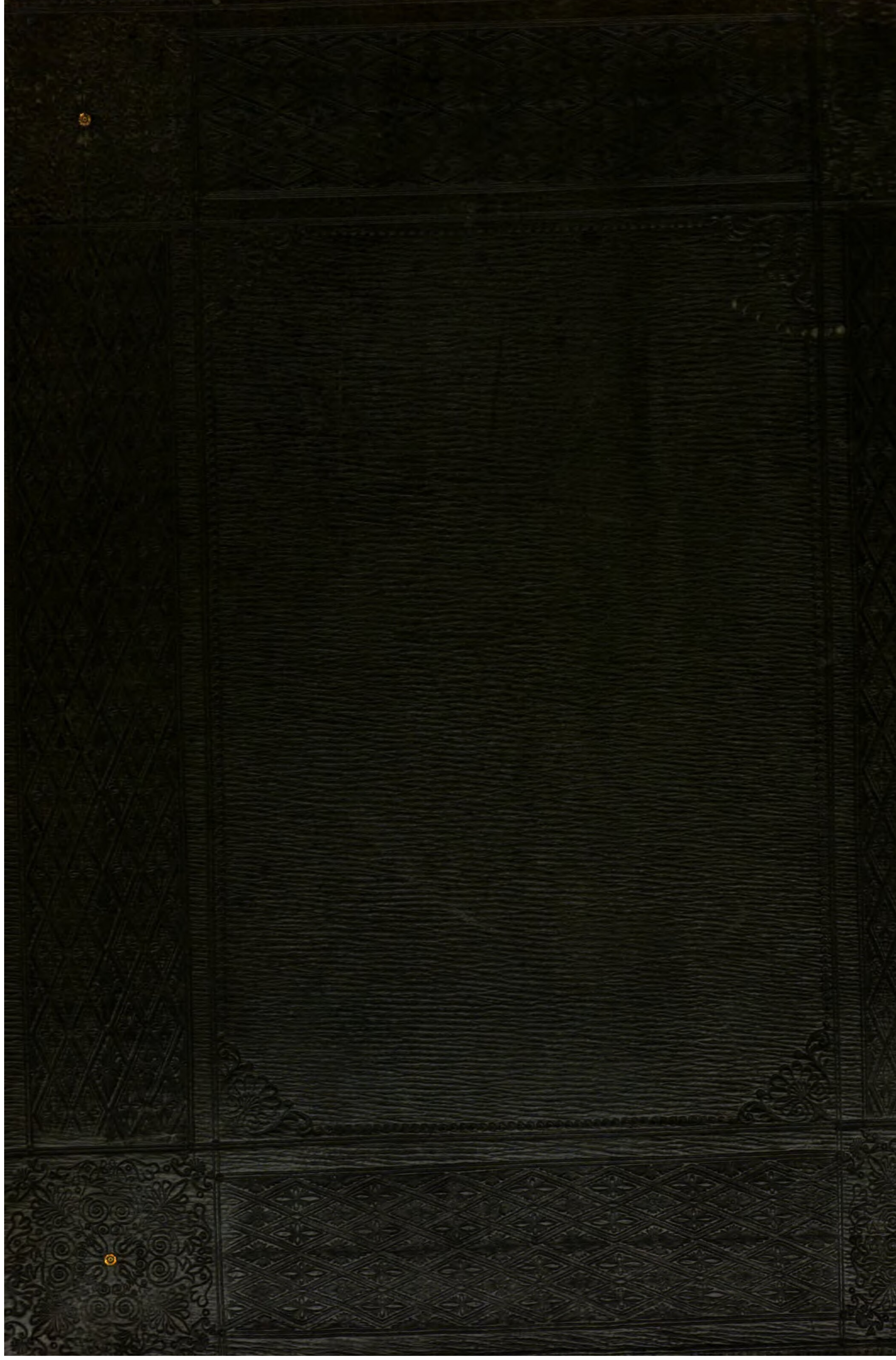
183, 10, for *Dear-Leap*, read *Deer-Leap*.

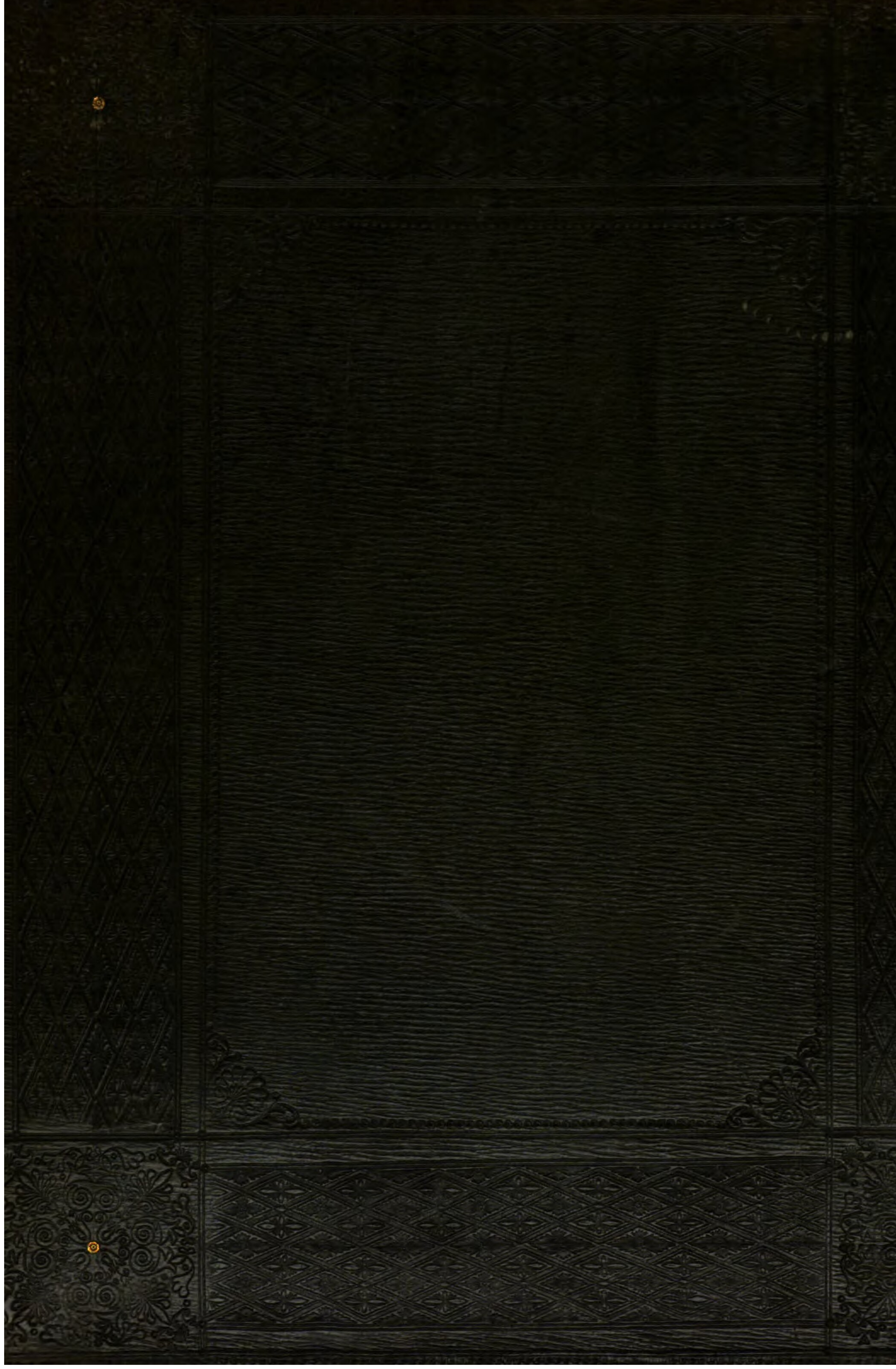
142, 12, for *bosom*, read *presence*.

173, last line, for *Catharine*, read *Elizabeth*.

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